Strangling the British Lion

see page 7

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LXII.
1644.

Drink **'OVALTINE'**

. . . and note the Difference!

IF you start the day tired, it is a sure sign that your night's sleep has failed to make good the depleted energies of yesterday. Drink a cupful of 'Ovaltine' to-night, at bed-time, and *note the difference.* Your sleep will be deep and *restorative* and you will wake gloriously alive and vigorous.

Long experience proves that delicious 'Ovaltine' not only ensures *natural*, refreshing sleep, but it possesses exceptional properties which make it unequalled for building up mental and physical fitness. Moreover, as new-laid eggs are liberally used in 'Ovaltine,' it has outstanding advantages as a nerve-food. Remember that no tonic food beverage would be complete without the valuable nutritive and vitalising qualities of eggs.

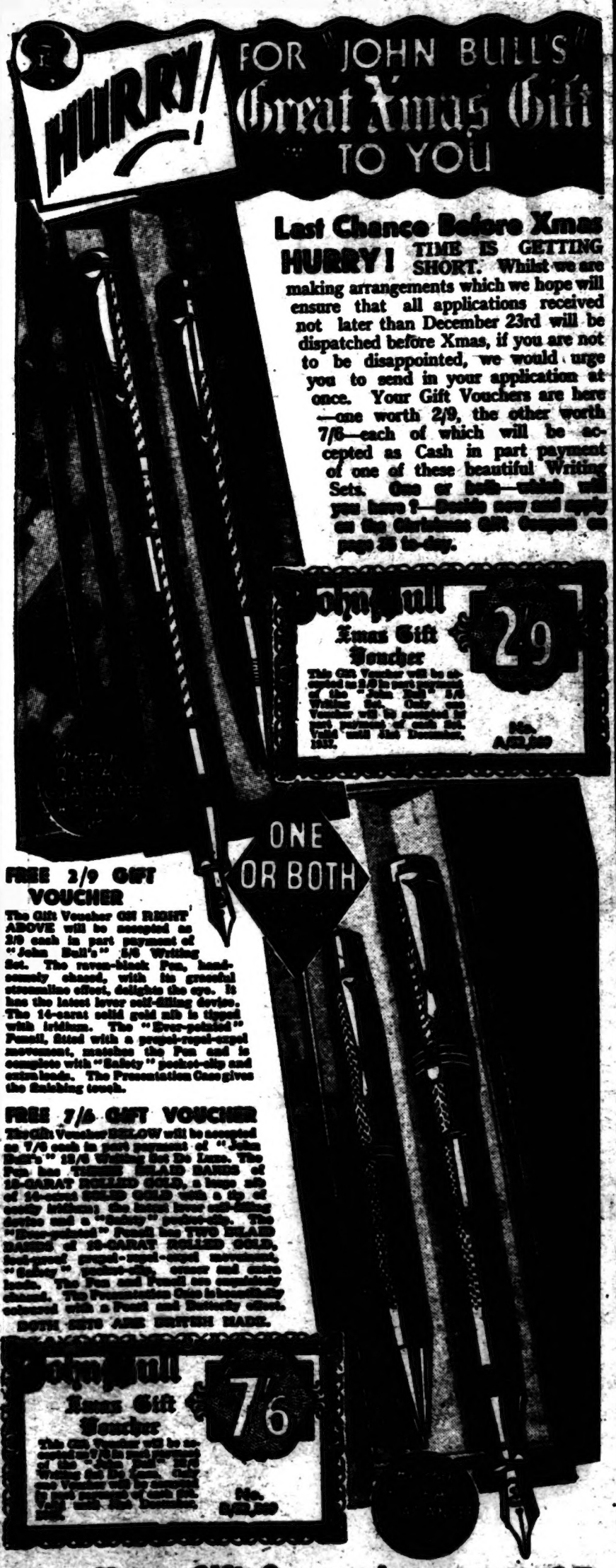
In every way 'Ovaltine' stands supreme. Although imitations are made to *look* like 'Ovaltine' there are very important differences.

'Ovaltine' does not contain any Household Sugar. Furthermore, it does not contain Starch. Nor does it contain Chocolate or a large percentage of Cocoa.

For all these reasons drink 'Ovaltine' every night. Drink it also during the day to fortify you against fatigue—against coughs, chills and other winter ailments. 'Ovaltine' stands in a class alone—there is nothing like it.

P.385A

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3.



Last Chance Before Xmas

HURRY! TIME IS GETTING SHORT. Whilst we are making arrangements which we hope will ensure that all applications received not later than December 23rd will be dispatched before Xmas, if you are not to be disappointed, we would urge you to send in your application at once. Your Gift Vouchers are here—one worth 2/9, the other worth 7/6—each of which will be accepted as Cash in part payment of one of these beautiful Writing Sets. One or both—which will you have?—Decide now and apply on the Christmas Gift Coupon on page 35 to-day.

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher — 2/9

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 31st December, 1937.

No. A/23,456

FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher ON RIGHT ABOVE will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set. The raven-black Pen, handsomely chased, with its graceful streamline effect, delights the eye. It has the latest lever self-filling device. The 14-carat solid gold nib is tipped with iridium. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil, fitted with a propel-repel-expel movement, matches the Pen and is complete with "Safety" pocket-clip and extra leads. The Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher BELOW will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. The Pen has THREE BEAD BANDS of 18-CARAT ROLLED GOLD, a large nib of 14-carat SOLID GOLD with a tip of costly iridium; the latest lever self-filling device and a "Safety" pocket-clip. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil has TWO BEAD BANDS of 18-CARAT ROLLED GOLD, fast-speed propel-repel-expel movement, "Safety" pocket-clip, eraser and extra leads. The Pen and Pencil are exquisitely chased. The Presentation Case is beautifully coloured with a Pencil and Butterfly effect.

BOTH SETS ARE BRITISH MADE.

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher — 7/6

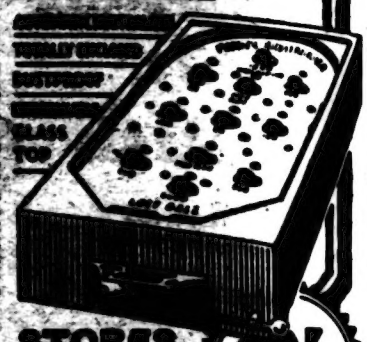
This Gift Voucher will be accepted only as PART payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe, but one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 31st December, 1937.

No. A/23,789

Your Xmas Gift Coupon is on page 35.

STOCK-TAKING CLEARANCE SALE

Play PIN TABLE at HOME



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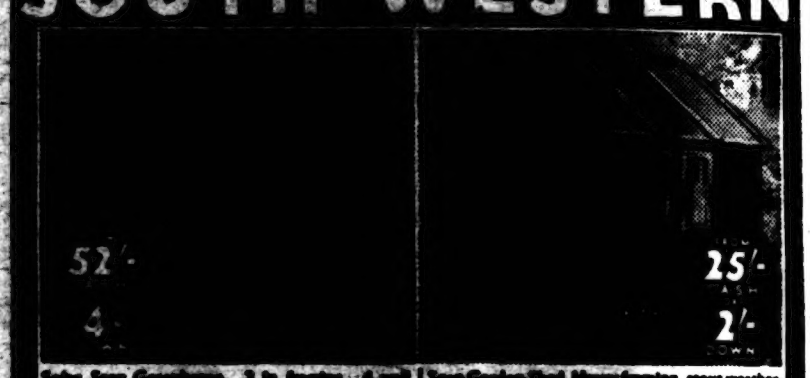
2/6 POST 6D

SOUTH WESTERN



Solar Type Greenhouses, 2 ft. frontage, 4 ft. wall and 2 roof sections. Solid door. 3 rows. Staging. Glass in large sheets, putty and priming paint.

CARRIAGE PAID ENGLAND AND WALES.

L	W	S	R	CASH Dep.
7 ft.	4 ft.	4 ft.	5 ft.	10/- 6/-
7 ft.	5 ft.	4 ft.	6 ft.	10/- 6/-
7 ft.	6 ft.	4 ft.	7 ft.	10/- 6/-
8 ft.	4 ft.	4 ft.	5 ft.	10/- 6/-
8 ft.	5 ft.	4 ft.	6 ft.	10/- 6/-
8 ft.	6 ft.	4 ft.	7 ft.	10/- 6/-
10 ft.	4 ft.	4 ft.	5 ft.	10/- 6/-
10 ft.	5 ft.	4 ft.	6 ft.	10/- 6/-
10 ft.	6 ft.	4 ft.	7 ft.	10/- 6/-

Your Garden Shed. Heavy-framing, sheet weatherboards. Roof covered Bituminous felt. TITAN nail fastenings. Windows fitted and glazed.

NO HOLES FREE LORRY DELIVERY.

Height	L	W	S	R	CASH	Dep.	Pymts.	Ft. Ex.
6 ft.	4 ft.	3 ft.	6 ft.	4 ft.	22/-	2/6	6/-	
6 ft.	6 ft.	3 ft.	6 ft.	4 ft.	30/-	3/-	8/-	
6 ft.	8 ft.	3 ft.	6 ft.	4 ft.	40/-	4/6	10/6	
6 ft.	10 ft.	3 ft.	6 ft.	4 ft.	50/-	4/9	12/6	
6 ft.	12 ft.	3 ft.	6 ft.	4 ft.	60/-	5/7	16/-	
6 ft.	14 ft.	3 ft.	6 ft.	4 ft.	70/-	6/8	23/-	

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SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO (1929) Ltd
Dept. Sa, Hugon Road, Fulham, S.W.6. Telephone: Fulham 1121

"THEY LAUGHED AT FIRST— but when I began to play—

I took off when the crash. I played that first few bars of Beethoven's immortal Moonlight Sonata. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat spellbound. I thought to myself, you could like me to play, and when the last notes died away I found tears in the eyes of my friends. "Where did you learn?" "Who ever gave you lessons?" "How do you get that lovely singing tone?"

I produce similar letters daily from students of MY POSTAL LESSONS for the Piano who started without knowing a note. There is positively no mystery or difficulty in the most delightful experience being yours. Even if you are already a player, I can teach you to play so beautifully that you will be envied wherever you go! Or, if already a player, I CAN TEACH YOU TO PLAY BETTER. Lessons are given by post. I am specialist to 500 adult pupils every week, each taught ONE CLEAR LESSON at a time, and I CAN TEACH YOU. I will send you, BY POST, my famous Booklet explaining the Rapidskill method, enabling you to read and play at once any standard musical composition, such Original, Sun-clear, Fascinating Manner, each arranged for your personal need, that your difficulties of Time, Time, Fingering and Reading shall simply disappear. Send P.C. for free booklet, "Music, Mystic and Keyboard," and form for FREE advice. Say Elementary, Intermediary or Beginner.

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GREAT DISPOSAL OFFER!

DOUBLE-BARRELLED BREAK-BACK GUNS

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600 SURPLUS TO BE CLEARED QUICKLY!

Take immediate advantage of this amazing offer and learn to shoot straight. These guns are fully 24 in. long with 9/16 in. bore. Twin steel barrels finished semi "gun-black." Two hair-spring triggers will fire each barrel separately or simultaneously where necessary. Hard wood stock correctly shaped and finished. To load, breaks open at breech. These splendid guns are being offered to you at only 3/9 each. Post 9d.

Send at once to avoid disappointment.

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LONDON, W.1
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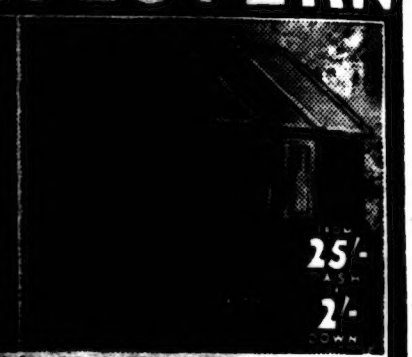
2/6
POST 6D

WESTERN



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2/-

Iron Garden Shed. Heavy drawing, stout weather-boards. Roof covered bituminous felt. TITAN steel bandings. Window fixed and glazed.
PRICES FREE. LORRY DELIVERY.

Height	W	D	CASH	Dep.	12 Pymts.	Fl. Ex.
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6ft.	6	4	52/6	3/-	3/6	6/-
6ft.	8	6	69/6	4/-	4/6	10/6
6ft.	10	8	89/6	4/-	4/6	12/6
6ft.	12	10	109/6	5/-	5/6	16/-
7ft.	12	10	119/6	5/-	6/6	23/-

G.H. (Greenhouses)

APPLIANCE CO (1929) Ltd
Telephone: Fulham 1121

UGHED AT FIRST—
when I began to play—

I played the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal Sonata in C Minor. My friends sat spellbound, and spoke of amazement. My friends sat spellbound. and spoke of amazement. "Where did you learn?" "How do you get that lovely singing tone?" "Where did you learn?"

Those of MY POSTAL LESSONS for the Piano who graduate are already of middle age, I can teach you to play as well as I do. Or, if already a player, I CAN improve you 50 per cent. I am teaching 50,000 adults by my amazing invention (no lessons, no teacher, no metronome) enabling absolutely untrained people to become accomplished musicians, with Original, Sun-clear, Personal Interpretation, and playing that always delights. Send for your personal proofs, that your difficulties will disappear, "Lessons Right and Left Hand," and form for Free Advice. Say Soprano, Elementary or Beginner.

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L. BECKER CO., FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.4

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SURPLUS
TO BE CLEARED
QUICKLY!

Take immediate advantage of this amazing offer and learn to shoot straight. These guns are 24½ in. long with 9/16 in. bore. Twin steel barrels, usual "gun-black." Two hair-spring triggers, fire each barrel separately or simultaneously. Hard wood stock correctly shaped and finished. Open at breech. These splendid guns are sent only 2/9 each. Post 9d.

Guaranteed to avoid disappointment.

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Tottenham Court Road Tube.

£2-2-0 VALUE FOR 9/6

WRIST WATCH
REAL GOLD PLATED
9/6 POST 6D

ANOTHER COLONIAL PURCHASE of closing factory's entire stock enables us to offer this genuine lever lady's real gold-plated expanding bracelet watch—made for Australian market to be sold at £2 2s. —direct from us at a price we as expert valuers know to be a worldwide achievement, ranking us as the British House for Amazing Bargains. 9/6, post 6d. Warranted 10 years. Gent's square model same price. Send NOW. Immediate Dispatch.
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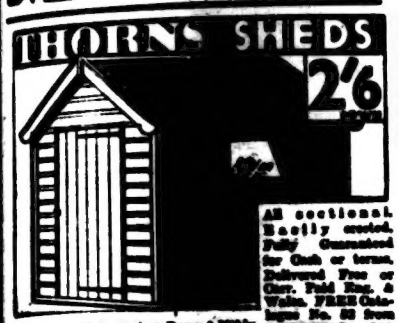
THORNS SHEDS



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All sectional. Easily erected. Fully Guaranteed for Cash or Term. Delivered Free or Carr. Paid Rail & Wales. FREE Catalogue No. 33 from

Long.	Wide.	Hgh.	Cash or Down	6 Mthly.
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J. THORNS (Sheds) Ltd. (Dept. 33) Bungay, Suffolk. (Est. 50) Bungay, Suffolk. Phone 208

SENSATIONAL NOVELTY REDUCED 9d

DOUBLE WAVE COMB

Owing to buying down small plant and re-organising the British Factory, we are now able to offer this outstanding
"DOUBLE-WAVE"
Comb which
WAVES HAIR WITHOUT HEAT OR ANY OTHER APPLIANCE

as 9d. each, post 3d., a price that you cannot afford to miss. No matter whether short or long—simply comb your hair to produce beautiful natural waves. No curling irons, hither or mess. Will stop you pounds in hairdressers' bills. The 32 specially shaped teeth give truly amazing results. Your money willingly refunded if not delighted. Send P.O. 1/- at once (stamps not accepted). De Luxe model 1/- and all Instrument 3/6, post free.
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WHY—Because they have proved by experience that all Hohner instruments are faultless in construction, faithful in tone, perfect in pitch and matchless in quality, which is the standard of the world. Models to suit every taste and pocket.
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Bungalows	£15
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UKULELE BANJO

5/- POST 9d.
FREE UKULELE BANJO TUTOR without extra cost

DRASTIC PRICE REDUCTION
These beautiful instruments are genuine £3 value and are offered to the public at ridiculous price of 5/9 on month of disposal of a large purchase; therefore this offer cannot be repeated. In highly polished finish Walnut finish with brass fretted finger-board, first quality rosewood. Attractively toned, tone. Beauty Nickel-plated Fittings. An hour or so only required for a novice to master it with the FREE TUTOR. Send P.O. 5/9 to-day to avoid disappointment.
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Flight Lieutenant
THREE-IN-ONE
HEAVY FLEECE LINED
Proofed COATS

These coats are the balance of an enormous order—small quantity more than were actually required. Cut military pattern with full belt. Prussian storm collar. Fawn coloured storm-proof material with heavy fleece lining. Adjustable sleeve band to keep out wind. Suitable for Flying, Motoring or Town wear. Exceptionally smart. A coat to keep out cold in the coming winter. All brand new and perfect. Chest measurements 34 to 44. Cost much more to make than clearance price of 8/11, post and packing 1/-. Proofing guaranteed two years. Limited stock. Don't delay.

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SEE PAGE 41

PIANO ACCORDIONS
BY ALL THE MOST FAMOUS MAKERS

Hohner, Soldani, Victoria, Pancotti, Bohner, Crestanelli, Paolo Soprani, etc., used and recommended by Band Leaders all over the country. Here we offer a very wonderful Bargain, £4 4 0 MODEL FOR 4/- from 1/- weekly. Real Piano Accordions at specially reduced prices. By STELDENI. Piano-finished rubbinet tenal tenia, metal-bound bellows, triple chord action. Complete with shoulder strap. 21 piano keys, 8 bases. Cash price 4/- or send on receipt of 2/- First instalment. Balance payable 4/- monthly, until 4/- paid. Elaborate Tutor supplied. Also Superior De Luxe Model at £5 5, same terms. Write for fully illus. list of models with 25 keys, 12 bass, 25 keys, 24 bass; 34 keys, 48 bass; 41 keys, 120 bass, etc., on equally attractive terms. The remarkable Low Terms for Ribby Payments ensure immediate popularity of these fine instruments. Write for fully illus. List of Piano Accordions and other Musical Instruments, post free.

SEE PAGE 23

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30/- VALUE FOR 9/9
The "Honolulu" UKELELE BANJO.

You can play this delightful instrument with very little practice with our Free Lightning Tutor. Brass Fretted Fingerboard; sweet mellow tone; polished finish. We will send you this Ukelele Banjo upon receipt of first instalment of 6d. and 6d. for postage. If satisfactory, send 1/6 fortnightly until 30/9 is paid, or balance in 7 days, 9/9 only. Write for fully illustrated Musical List.

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FULL SIZE

EASY CHAIR-LOUNGE CHAIR-FULL-LENGTH BED. FIRM, WIDE SEAT

17/6
OR 1/- WEEKLY

PATENTED STEEL BRASS BOUND OAK FRAME. TUFTED LOOSE SEAT & VELVET CORD CUSHION, COLOURS TO SUIT PURCHASER. Send for new coloured Catalogue of wonderful bargains in Upholstered Chairs, Bedroom and Dining Room Suites. Carriage and Packing, England and Wales 2/6. Cheques, Reg. Letters or Crossed P.O.'s to—

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Flanel Framing and Weatherboards. Tongued and Grooved Roofs, Floors extra. Corners Steel Braced. Mortised and Tenoned Doors and Door Frames. Roofs Steel Tied. All windows open. Lock, Key and Bolts to Doors. Felt and Battens included. THE "SHIP" GARAGE. SPECIAL REDUCED PRICES.

Lth.	Wth.	Ht.	Cash.	Dep.	12 pyts.
10	7	8	£8/10/-	£/-	16/8
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Asbestos Garages from 90/-. List G. Free Delivery England and Wales. Free Plans for Councils. THAMES UTILITY BUILDINGS, 7, WEST ST., ERITH, KENT. (Props.: Thames Steam Saw Mills, Ltd.) (Est. 40 years.) 'Phone: Erith 2672-3.

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Having purchased an entire factory stock of musical instruments, we are able to make this truly amazing offer of complete drum sets, comprising large bass drum, brass bound, with real skin and seven adjusters, strong, automatic fly-back foot-beater, real skin side-drum, hard-wood tap-box, brass cymbal, triangle and cowbell, also pair wall-balanced drum-sticks. The whole outfit comes to you complete in strong box at the incredible clearance price of 8/6 only, postage 1/-. No party or amateur band is complete without this wonderful outfit, so send P.O. 9/6 at once to:—

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30/-

SEND 2/- for Parcel on Approval. Guaranteed by Return Post. Sat. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. B. HOWARD 68, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

Recent purchaser writes: "The value of your Layette amazes me, every article is perfect in material and make. I am fortunate in having chosen to deal from you."

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HEARING AIDS AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

NO BATTERIES. NO WIRES—ABSOLUTELY INVISIBLE. Try the marvellous new model Amplivoice. NO OTHER PARTS—NO RENEWALS—GREATEST HEARING. Fits right inside the ear. Complete in themselves. Wonderful Power. Price only £1 1s. per pair, as sold elsewhere at £5-5-0. The greatest offer ever made to the deaf.

NOTE THE PRICE 21/- as sold elsewhere at £5-5-0

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

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7ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	2 10 0 — 3/3
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	3 10 0 — 7/3
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	5 0 0 — 9/3

CATALOGUE FREE. Garages 7½/-; Greenhouses, 67/6; Aviaries, 42/6; Kennels, 27/6; Asbestos Garages, 69/6; Workshops, 84/; Poultry Cabins, 39/6, etc. Carriage paid.

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9/- DOWN and you can obtain prompt delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table—perfect replica of the famous Riley full-size tables. Carriage paid on 7 days' Free Trial. Write for art list of Riley "Home" Billiard Tables, also Riley "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables.

32 Free Billiard Tables Send for estate & price list.

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TRY THE WONDERFUL LOUDSPEAKER SOUNDBOX on YOUR GRAMOPHONE

This new 1938 model makes the cheapest, oldest gramophone equal to a £25 cabinet. Amazing volume—absolute purity in lowest and highest notes (impossible in cheap soundboxes). The only "Loudspeaker" Soundbox. Send 1/- only, then 1/- weekly (11/- in all). OR 10/- CASH DOWN. Made to fit other soundboxes fits in or slips over tone-arm of your Gramophone.

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'Thursday,' for week ending Saturday, December 18, 1937.

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

War on New Rates Assessments Underweight Recruits Fatten Wrecking American Pact

It seems that the roar of applause which greeted the announcement of Anglo-American trade negotiations only a month ago came too early.

Convincing and disturbing evidence is now accumulating.

Powerful vested interests are already smashing the proposals for the far-reaching agreement wanted and acclaimed by ordinary people on both sides of the Atlantic.

Crafty Work

By skilful propaganda the reactionaries in a few weeks have roused producers and manufacturers in the Dominions to a frenzy.

They fear the possibility of being deprived of some of the immense benefits they now enjoy in the protected British markets.

Who They Are

The destroyers are the Diehard Protectionists—the high tariff men—of the Conservative Party.

They will not be found in the van of the attack on the scheme for freer trade between the two nations.

The Wreckers

Without the complete co-operation of the Dominions, the wreckers know, negotiations for an Anglo-American pact might as well not begin.

But we remain confident that the sincerity of the exchanges between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Cordell Hull will defeat this wicked conspiracy.

Dearer Turkeys

Your Christmas turkey is to be about 2½d. per pound dearer than last year.

That is also sixpence a pound dearer than it was four years ago.

Then British breeders promised an adequate supply of poultry at fair prices in return for protection against foreign competition.

They have defaulted again by creating an artificial shortage of supplies.

Why Bacon Costs More

It's the same in the bacon industry.

Supplies of home-bred pigs are now so short that many of the factories have had to dismiss workers and go on short time.

If Mr. W. S. Morrison, the Agriculture Minister, cannot put the marketing boards in better order, he will be as big a failure as Mr. Elliot was on the job.

Why Secrecy?

When the Government gave in to the demand for an enquiry into the state of civil aviation, the House of Commons believed that the evidence would be heard in public.

The investigation is to be a secret one.

This is a serious mistake, particularly as the agitation is causing a transfer of traffic to foreign-owned air lines.

It is doubly so if, as they say, the British companies have a devastating answer ready to the allegations which have been openly made against them.

Veterans Count

No Department is more adroit than the Ministry of Labour in exploiting figures for its own purposes.

As there has been a sudden increase of 100,000 lately in the number of insured workpeople, Mr. Ernest Brown's propagandists have attributed it mainly to the supposed growth of new industries.

Nonsense. Every employment exchange manager knows that the reason is simply that older men—who had become classified as unemployable—have had to be recalled to industry because their experience and their craftsmanship are needed.

Mussolini Again

Surely the Foreign Secretary will not submit to a new Italian affront—*the broadcasting of material of an anti-British character in Hindustani*!

There can be neither defence nor excuse for this audacity.

It is perpetrated immediately after the announcement that now even the smallest villages in India have been provided with communal wireless receivers.

Un-British

Queer tactics are being employed at the instance of the Home Office against aliens brought to the courts.

All money they possess is taken from them, for no other reason than that deportation orders *may* be made.

This is both unjust and illegal. It means that the persons concerned are deprived of the means of proper defence.

Only Hope

Cost of war pensions is falling at the rate of £5,000,000 a year, because of the increasing death-rate among the disabled—more than double that of the civil male population.

Yet the process of cutting the pensions and allowances of those who survive goes on unabated.

Fully 80,000 war disabled pensioners are out of employment.

This meanness will continue until the Government accepts our proposal to set up an independent appeal tribunal, preferably one directed by the Lord Chancellor.

Pudding Proof

One half of the 600 underweight and undernourished Army recruits recently enrolled as an experiment have already been made fit for full service after a fattening-up process by plain but adequate diet.

Another 25 per cent. will be available for the ranks in a few weeks.

The War Minister may now pass on the menu to Sir Kingsley Wood and Mr. Ernest Brown as a guide to the amount of the allowances necessary for the barest needs of the workless and their families.

Your Money

Estimates for the Defence Services to be presented in the next few weeks will amount to more than £300,000,000—the highest ever in peace time!

Despite the increasing vigilance of the Committee on Public Accounts, disquiet is spreading that many of the new armament contracts are carrying much higher profits than can be justified.

Japanese Rubbish

Unprecedented consignments of Japanese toys have been unloaded for the Christmas market.

Realising that, as a nation, they are out of favour here, the Oriental manufacturers have merely marked them "Foreign," instead of "Made in Japan."

In both quality and value the imported toys are shabby compared with the new ranges of British products.

Arraign Them!

Many of the canards about the state of British industry have had their origin traced to the City of London.

Most diabolical of all was one spread on the Stock Exchange a few days ago that two of the greatest motor engineering firms were about to stand off nearly 30 per cent. of their workers.

The authors of the lying rumour made big money during the hours it was current.

General Purposes Committee of the Stock Exchange should have courage to discipline those responsible for such malpractice.

Cabinet Bare

Fortunately it was only one of H.M. Inspectors of Factories who went to the first-aid box at Messrs. Miller, Williams and Company's premises at Holloway the other day—and found it entirely empty.

The discovery might so easily have been made by a luckless employee who had been injured by the factory machines.

Magistrates seem to have a standard penalty—a £5 fine—for these lax employers It is too small.

Rates War

Our revelation of the activities of the Central Valuation Committee to have rates assessments raised everywhere is having big effects.

Following a lead from the Sunbury Council of Middlesex, local authorities up and down the country are deciding to fight it.

Whitehall's contention that rates should be fixed on the basis of the highly excessive rents which at least three million householders are paying is leading to revolt.

Still Goes On

Sir Samuel Hoare has been misinformed in his supposition that people are not still being sent to prison for trivial debts.

Worst of all the cases made known to us this week is that of a man at Rusholme, Manchester.

He has been committed to jail for seven days because he could pay only two shillings off a debt of five shillings.

His week in prison cost the ratepayers 29s. 6d.

Thus They Perish

Our file of the many recent disasters to fishing vessels—with heavy loss of life—discloses a remarkable fact.

It is that 80 per cent. of the mishaps in the fishing fleets occur when the boats are homeward bound from the fishing grounds.

Because the crews are exhausted by fatigue, owing to undermanning, they are not fit to navigate and control their vessels.

Tired men often fall asleep at the wheel.

Legal Nonsense

Hundreds of unmarried mothers are now being deprived of maintenance for their children in consequence of an extraordinary legal decision.

This is to the effect that the rules of evidence in affiliation proceedings do not allow the mother to produce in court letters or other documentary evidence in which the father admits paternity.

If that is the law, it wants a quick overhaul.

Your Watchdog Barks!

So that you can identify it again, mark well the turkey you select before it is drawn and trussed. Unscrupulous salesmen substitute inferior birds.

* * *

On day Government appoints Select Committee to investigate road deaths, Transport Minister sanctions lorrymen working twelve hours daily for next three weeks—most perilous period. Asking for more trouble.

Inform police if agents of supposed Belfast company approach you with tablecloth and drapery samples and ask for deposit on order. Entirely fraudulent.

* * *

Diphtheria outbreaks with big death lists reported from many areas. Worst where local authorities have not provided immunisation service.

* * *

Bogus executors of wills, writing to people offering high-class shares at sacrifice prices, is latest dodge of swindling gang. Money sent is lost.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

I AM writing this at 5.30 a.m. at my colliery, before going down the pit.

I am 68 years of age, and have spent 55 years down the pit, in which time I have lost one eye and carry scars all over me.

But lor' bless us, I have only one grouse and one fear. I am worried because that 10s. a week old age pension they will give me when my last job is done is dwindling in relation to the cost of food, and will be worth very little when I go to collect it.—J. W. CASE, 45, Moorhouse Avenue, Aberford Road, Stanley, Wakefield.

If every M.P. had a dad like that, would Parliament be able to resist an increase?

Bullied Nurses

May I, as a girl who has been in and out of hospital for four years, say this about the harsh treatment of our nurses—that JOHN BULL put its finger right on the spot when it said that some of the

old martinet types of matrons had to go before conditions would be improved.

Just one example of many. My boy came all the way up from London to propose to me. But it wasn't visiting time. He was refused admission, at first. After a lot of grumbling and storming, which didn't make conditions congenial, he was given—five minutes.—Harriette Redfearn, 44, Solferino Street, Sheffield.

We have received many such letters—in some cases describing how nurses have been bullied into tears or even collapse in front of patients.

Blind Signatures

Having delivered oil to a steamer here the other day, I sent a batch of papers to the skipper. Not until the boat was sailing away did I find that he had signed for—a cargo of manure.—R. Rob, 9, Harrison Street, Middlesbrough, Yorks.

Estimated by a county court judge that not one person in five regularly acquaints himself with full meaning and consequences of everything he signs.

Misunderstanding

I have heard with great regret that the Boy Scouts of India have deleted from their Scout's Promise the word "King" and substituted "State." Remembering how patriotic this great movement is, surely Lo i Baden-Powell can do something about it?—J. H., Downton Rise, Rumney, Cardiff.

Yes, this is true. It is causing the Chief Scout some distress. Scouts' headquarters explain to us that some remarks of the Chief Scout on honour were wrongly interpreted as being anti-Indian. Thereupon Bombay municipal authorities demanded the secession of Bombay Scouts. Now the Baden-Powell Scouts there have dropped promise to King; make their promise to State instead.

This is Christianity

I have just been refused marriage in a church because one of the parties was not baptised.—E. H., Station Road, Haydock, near St. Helens, Lancashire.

The Press Bureau of the Church of England said: "You miss the point that one of these people is not a Christian." Hedging, we said: "But they are worthy people." The answer was: "But they are not worthy people if they are not baptised." Hedging further, we said: "But they are apparently of good intent." Answer: "But they are not of good intent if they are not of any faith of any kind."

● Do You Keep Your Eyes Open?

Notice how much space observant readers get on their own weekly platform. Below are some examples. Now tell us about interesting things that puzzle you in your home town, the places you visit. If any elucidation is required, we'll get it—no matter how far away you live.

Glasgow asks—

Think of the thousands of poor families in Glasgow who lack a copper for the gas meter.

Then wonder what these poor devils think when they see a huge burner pointing into the skies burning thousands of cubic feet of "surplus" gas every 24 hours.—Mrs. Jamieron, 191, Caledonia Road, Glasgow.

—and answers

Our enquiries in Glasgow show that this coal-gas is the by-product of a huge commercial plant there. Unwanted, it is burnt at great height to minimise air pollution. But wait. Secret negotiations are in progress between the firm and local gas department with a view to consumers having benefit of this surplus.

Montrose asks—

Tiny children in these parts, unable to buy cigarettes, go to school smoking a rank-smelling kind of cane which smoulders freely and which shop-keepers let them have at two sticks a ha'-penny. Surely it must injure their health: should be stopped?—William Archbold, 75, Castle Street, Montrose, Angus, Scotland.

—and answers

Test purchases which we have had made in district show it to be cinnamon cane. A doctor tells us: "Cinnamon is good for influenza, etc., but smoking it would probably do very little good or harm; only bad feature, I should say, is that it might start smoking habit too early; lads might turn to tobacco in excess before they have stopped growing."

Chesterfield asks—

Who maintains the Bible for the use of travellers at Dersingham (L.N.E.R.) station, the station for Sandringham—incidentally one of the cleanest and brightest I have ever seen on British railways?—Mr. G. Hird, 5, Smithson Avenue, Bolsover, Chesterfield.

—Dersingham answers

Our enquiries at Dersingham show that Stationmaster Chilvers, who retired 1926, supplied each waiting-room with a Bible in 1909. Not one has been stolen or damaged. Some people have said they owe new start in life to the Dersingham Bibles. Incidentally, the station has won prizes for cleanness, brightness, etc., every year since 1929.

Sutton asks—

"Ugh! A register office wedding. Dreary things."

But not at Epsom, Surrey, where I have just attended the wedding of a relative. The registrar, a kind and considerate man, had decorated the room with flowers bought out of his own pocket. He does it even for the poorest of the poor, and always arranges the vases with his own hands.—I. M. Farley, 174, Benhill Road, Sutton, Surrey.

—Epsom answers

Our enquiries at Epsom add to our reader's information the fact that weddings take place in Ashley House, a Georgian mansion, rooms of which—including room where weddings are conducted—are in finest early Adam style. Important also that local people say that registrar concerned, Supt.-Registrar Wyatt, knows how to give real solemnity and feeling to ceremony.

"My Little Ones"

At a Sunday school attended by my child the assembled youngsters have been told by the parson: "I don't want the children who have put nothing in the collection to kneel down and pray." Isn't it disgraceful?—A. S. H., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Disgraceful is the word. We are not mentioning the denomination because we believe the general mass of ministers of that denomination would feel as angry about it as we do.

And this is 1937

I am in charge of a small rural school. The other evening a friend showed my children Charlie Chaplin on his private projector. It was the first time that 10 out of 28 in the senior group (ages 8 to 14) had ever seen moving pictures!—E. QUABLING, Yeovil House, Darsham, Saxmundham.

We have always maintained that every school should have its own projector for the showing of educational pictures.

Now Read This

I taught in a remand school for eight years. I can confirm that kindness pays with children.

The boys had no "workhouse uniform." They were treated like human beings. *The price of the pictures was given to each boy every Saturday.* Old scholars came back to visit their *Alma Mater.*

Pupils in other schools in which I have taught have not been so fortunate.—W. K. STAFFORD, St. Joseph's School, Tranent, Edinburgh.

We don't publish this because we begrudge the remand school boys their pictures, but as an additional spur to educational authorities to treat scholars with greater enlightenment.

Puzzle This Out

As a tradesman with my own van, I visit every week: Kent, Berkshire, Bath, Bromley, Burnham, Weston, Bromwich, Bolton, Bridgwater, Stafford, Salisbury, Shirley, Ireland and England—all in the course of 120 miles of motoring.—F. G. H., Bristol, 7.

* Solution at bottom of column.

Right Wrong Number

This can be proved to the hilt.

While my sister was staying with a cousin at Hampstead, she lost her dog. She put through a call to her home at Streatham, wondering whether it was obeying a homing instinct—was given a wrong number, a Hampstead number. *And the people at that house had just found her dog.*—J. Campbell, 60, Barnfield Avenue, Kingston-on-Thames.

London Telephone Service has never heard of a more surprising case.

Brighter Soldiering

There is a big infantry depot locally. Dances are held there frequently.

Now, for the benefit of shy young recruits who can't dance, there is optional dancing instruction in the gym-

nasium once a week and, to the music of a gramophone, those who can dance give advice and encouragement to those who can't.—U. T. B., 3, Charlotte Street, Widnes, Lancs.

These efforts by enlightened commanding officers to brighten barrack life please us, although they annoy some "old sweats."

Point He Missed

I have an excellent idea for giving everybody holidays with pay.

Let every worker put in one hour's overtime every night for 48 nights before the holiday is due.

When they start off for the seaside for a week's holiday, 48 hours' wages—in other words, a week's wages—will be due to each. Easy!—H. DAVIES, 80, Elmswood Road, Birkenhead.

This little holiday plan would mean that the full-time work of 300,000 workers would become the holiday overtime of the rest. Not so easy!

It is the Law

Having ordered 144 cash books, I was sent out of town for two months.

When I got back the consignment had been delivered, proceedings had been begun to summon me for the money, and I considered myself lucky to persuade the firm to take back 143 of the 144 books. And here is the bill:—

	£	s.	d.
Balance of debt, one book	0	1	9
Cost of summons, etc. ..	1	8	8
Judgment and execution fee	1	9	0
Judgment costs	0	3	4
Execution costs	0	2	0
Cost of 1 book at 1s. 9d.	3	4	9

—W. U. S., Stanhope Road, South Shields.

This simple process of inflation turns thousands of people who can't pay their rates (say) for a few weeks into people who can't pay their rates at all.

*These are the names of our reader's customers. He added Darby and Darbyshire, but we wouldn't allow that!

When are You Going to Write?

EVERY reader of JOHN BULL is invited to contribute to this page. 10s. 6d. is paid for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. for a picture illustrating the story.

Mark envelope "Voice of the People," and address to JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. And there are many other pages where your co-operation is welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you . . .

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What Makes Me Wild—By George Blake

"Down with the bureaucrats!" is Mr. Blake's war-cry in this telling attack on Whitehall mentality. He ranks as one of the most vigorous of present-day novelists. He is also a well-known B.B.C. commentator on great occasions such as the Coronation, the launching of the "Queen Mary," etc.

Strangling the British Lion

They seek to shackle the British Lion with red-tape!

IT is seldom one hears "Rule, Britannia" sung nowadays, and perhaps it is just as well. "Britons never, never shall be slaves" has ceased to be true.

Slaves we are, here and now. We have not been subjugated by the Argentines, the Portuguese or the Greeks, but every man-jack of us is so tied up with red-tape, so hedged about by regulations and restrictions, that we have ceased to be individuals and become robots.

The old tradition of British liberty is in the discard. The bureaucratic army grows in size and strength from day to day.

The time does not seem very far distant when a man will have to fill up a form and get a certificate from five different Government departments before he can take his dog out for a walk.

The bitterness of it is that the easy-going people of England, Scotland and Wales have not quite realised what has happened to them. The process has been gradual, spreading over the past fifteen years or so.

Every new set of regulations is plausibly devised to meet an apparently new set of conditions—all very nice and British.

But it is now mighty difficult to stand back and see that, as individuals, we are any freer than the citizens of the Fascist countries we are invited to pity.

It started, I sometimes think, with the economic crisis and the appearance of a huge army of unemployed. The dole became a necessity, but the dismal occasion released on the community a horde of officials with wide powers to pry into hundreds of thousands of private lives.

The Means Test gave the wrong sort of busybody the right to enter a man's home and be snooty because, being in receipt of assistance, he was brazen enough to buy a cheap wireless set on the instalment system to while away the weary days of idleness.

★ ★ ★

These conditions have been bettered since the setting-up of the Unemployment Assistance Board, but once bureaucracy had tasted the blood of two million unemployed it just could not and cannot let go.

The anomalies of the system are fantastic. A casual labourer with a sizeable family is better off on U.A.B. rates than when working.

We may thank God that most men would rather work honestly than take a dole from the State. We cannot thank anybody but the Bumbles of Whitehall for the fact that their actions, undermining liberty and personal responsibility, have created an army of work-shys and professional dole-twisters.

Now the grip of the State is on all classes of society, in almost every form of normal activity. I cannot plant potatoes in my garden without looking up official lists to make sure that they are free from wart disease.

Here in Scotland, as in the North of England, a great many miners keep pigeons as a profitless hobby, but now their tiny pigeon-lofts are being assessed for rating purposes—swollen-headed officialdom getting at a man even in his small pleasures.

As a motorist, using my car largely for professional purposes, paying a heavy tax and heavier insurance rates, and free from accident in twenty years' driving, I honestly do not know where I am with the myriad, fiddling regulations imposed on the road-using community during the past few years.

Only the other night I was stopped on a lonely country road to have my rear number-plates solemnly measured by a Highland policeman, who could hardly speak English.

He agreed with me that it was folly of the most wasteful kind. But the chief constable had ordered a *strafe*, and most of the county police were on the roads while a platoon of burglars might be making hay in the towns and villages.

The officials are not merely exasperating us. They are making us look too like themselves—blithering pedants!

Of course, there is always the plausible reason. The roads must be made as safe as possible.

★ ★ ★

But, if you tell me that, instead of getting down to build safe roads, you can achieve the same results by fooling with petty regulations about number-plates and the loudness of horns, then I do think that officialdom has succeeded in hopelessly befuddling the intelligence of the country. Some of the larger lunacies of bureaucracy concern our supplies of daily bread. It is true enough that the Milk Marketing Board is now functioning with success.

"A plague on your growing army of officials."
—George Blake

But if you could see what it needs in the way of forms its wonder to perform, you would agree that every small farmer must be a bit of a chartered accountant as well.

Pretty well everything from cheese to raspberries is controlled. More regulations, more and more officials, and more saying by the State: 'You can't do this. You can't do that. And if there's too much on the market, then you'll have to dump the surplus."

The British herring industry has lost most of its foreign markets, and the home market cannot absorb all the herring caught in our waters.

So the Board has wide powers to limit the catch any boat may land, to control prices, and even to close ports to landings if necessary. It was kindly meant, but the results are too often fantastic.

For example, in the Firth of Clyde, at this moment of writing, a pair of boats (for the Clyde ring-net boats hunt in couples) is not allowed to land and sell more than sixty baskets of fish, even if their evening catch is twice that amount.

If they came in with a hundred baskets, then forty have to be chucked into the harbour for the gulls to eat—*in spite of the fact that in the industrial areas only a few miles away are many thousands of families that would be glad to get these good herrings at a cheap rate.*

It's against the rules, you see!

The inherent idiocy of this particular situation was brilliantly demonstrated a few years ago by a Scottish newspaper. Its managers, struck by the paradox of poverty amid plenty, arranged to take over the excess of herrings at the Clyde ports, transport it to Glasgow, and distribute the fish among the deserving poor.

The scheme worked simply and sweetly for three weeks on end—a newspaper demonstrating what the whole power of the regimented State could not do!

★ ★ ★

That is one main pillar of the case against excessive bureaucracy. It can regulate and limit along negative lines, but it is too costive to construct and expand.

My own most bitter charge against the red-tape men is that their stiff-jointed operations are rapidly reducing us to a nation of spineless and irresponsible yes-men.

And, if you please, the ultimate softness is to be found in the very educational system that is supposed to be producing a race of giants!

Until recently two boys of mine attended a secondary school in a smallish country town. My first discovery was that, while I had to pay a small fee for the child in the primary division, I was just not allowed to pay a penny for the lad beyond the qualifying stage.

The State, in short, had in effect taken my child from me, saying: "Now he is our responsibility, not yours."

It reduces my sense of private responsibility. It is making a once fine race of men into a breed of greedy, sheep-like morons, and the fact that we do pay for education through taxation is only an aggravation of the deadening soullessness of the system.

Equal opportunity for all? A charming idea, to be sure, but I swear by all that's holy that the effect is to reduce, rather than to raise, the national standards of efficiency.

★ ★ ★

The nation's tempo is reduced to suit the inveterately half-baked, and in the process we get all our individuality ironed out.

There were cruelty and hardship in the traditional British system, but at least it produced men and an Empire, while now we are producing a race of pock-puddings very likely to lose an Empire at the first "Boo!" from some militaristic swanker.

And the rot, I assert, is touching every rank of society, even those that used to be counted on to give us some sort of leadership.

Politics are not in my line of country, but if we are now living under the State Socialism of the idealists, it looks to me mighty like the Fascism the said idealists deplore. Do not forget that Fascism in Germany is National Socialism; that Mussolini started his capers as a National Socialist.

So I cry a plague on your growing army of officials, battening on the enfeebled body of the British Lion!

Big Four to Watch

TO understand how Britain's Army lives, works, and how — if ever — it will fight, it is vital to know the jobs of the men who control it and have the final say in deciding the allocation of the vast sums spent annually by the nation on its upkeep.

The Army Council, which rules from the War Office, consists of nine men. Three of them are political appointments — the Secretary of State (who is supreme), his Under-Secretary, and the Financial Secretary.

And the fourth, who sees Councils come and go, is the Permanent Under-Secretary.

He is civil servant chief of the War Office—just as, say, Sir Robert Vansittart is chief of the Foreign Office.

Business of War

Military members are the other five. But only four are concerned with the regular Army. It is among them that the recent changes have taken place. It is with their jobs that we shall deal in more detail.

Council meetings take place when the War Secretary pleases, usually when special or vital decisions are to be taken, or progress as a whole is to be reported.

But it functions continually through the "paper decisions" made by the departments of its various members.

Formal meetings are held in the big Council Room, which is part of an enclosed suite in a wing of the War Office. There are no medals or uniforms—except those on the attendants who guard the great double doors while the Council is sitting.

Just a group of nine soberly clad men sitting round a table. Like a board meeting of a small company—except it is a board dealing with the business of war and Imperial defence and with the welfare and domestic affairs of the Army.

Executive directors, if you like to call them so, are four military members. Here are their jobs.

First is the Chief of the Imperial General Staff—"CIGS," as he is termed, who runs the "brain trust" of the Army. He is now Lt.-General Viscount Gort, V.C., aged fifty-one.

With the help of about ninety officers he has to handle a job which is more intricate and vast than that of any of his opposite numbers of a foreign power.

Work of CIGS

Britain's problems are different and greater. We have scores of points and frontiers to defend instead of one or two. Half a dozen separate Colonial forces, their plans and equipment, must work in with the home organisation.

He has three departments, each under a Director. The first is Military Operations and Intelligence, which is constantly at work creating and reviewing war plans, operations and strategy covering all contingencies. Some, as we know, change almost every day.

Another section, as the official statement coyly puts it, is concerned with the "gathering and collation of military intelligence"—in other words, the equipment and intentions of a possible "enemy."

Yet another section of "M.O. and I." is constantly preparing and collecting maps, keeping them ready and up to date so that they could be rushed off to the printer at a moment's notice.

There are few portions of the earth's surface that are not on the files of the maps section.

Second department of the General Staff is S.D., or Staff Duties. It is charged with the job of organisation for war, working out in detail the composition of a fighting force and the exact job of every man in it.

This ranges from the precise amount and type of ammunition each man will carry to who shall ride and who shall walk, and when. It must all be worked out ready for commanders in the field, who must be left free to fight.

Another job of S.D. is the developing of systems of communication between armies. A huge task this, when you remember the great strides made by wireless since the last war, and all the later systems of signalling which are constantly being developed.

As a sideline, S.D. is also responsible for all candidates for commissions and for officers' education. It has the O.T.C.s under its wing and controls the instruction at Sandhurst, the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, the Staff College at Camberley, and the Senior Officers' School, from which commanding officers are drawn.

Variety of Tasks

The third department of the General Staff is Military Training.

M.T. decides every detail of training from the "breaking in" of the rawest recruit to the nature of tactical exercises and the handling of divisions on manœuvre. It also runs schools, nine of them—a strange variety, ranging from the School of Equitation at Weedon to a School of Electric Lighting at Portsmouth.

It also supervises the general education of "other ranks," and is responsible for the fact that about 20,000 soldiers in the Army to-day have gained 1st Class Certificates of Education, which are equivalent to School Leaving Certificates.

We have given only a broad outline of the work for which "CIGS" is responsible and which he directly controls.

Even so, you will gather that in volume and complexity it is no job for an officer of advanced years, however experienced he may have been in military affairs.

Second in importance among the military members of the Council is the Adjutant-General, Maj.-General C. G. Liddell, aged fifty-four. With three departments under him and a staff of about fifty officers he has to handle:—

Everything to do with the soldier from his recruitment to his discharge;

The place to which he is drafted, his leave;

His crimes, medals and rewards;

And all vocational training for his return to civil life.

Also under the control of A.G. is all the intricate machinery of the Army Medical and Nursing Services.

Third military member is the Quartermaster-General, Lt.-General Sir Reginald May, aged fifty-eight. With sixty officers and five departments, he lays down plans for housing, feeding and transporting the entire Army, at any place and any time.

In a mechanised world, two of his departments still deal with horses and the Remount and Veterinary Services.

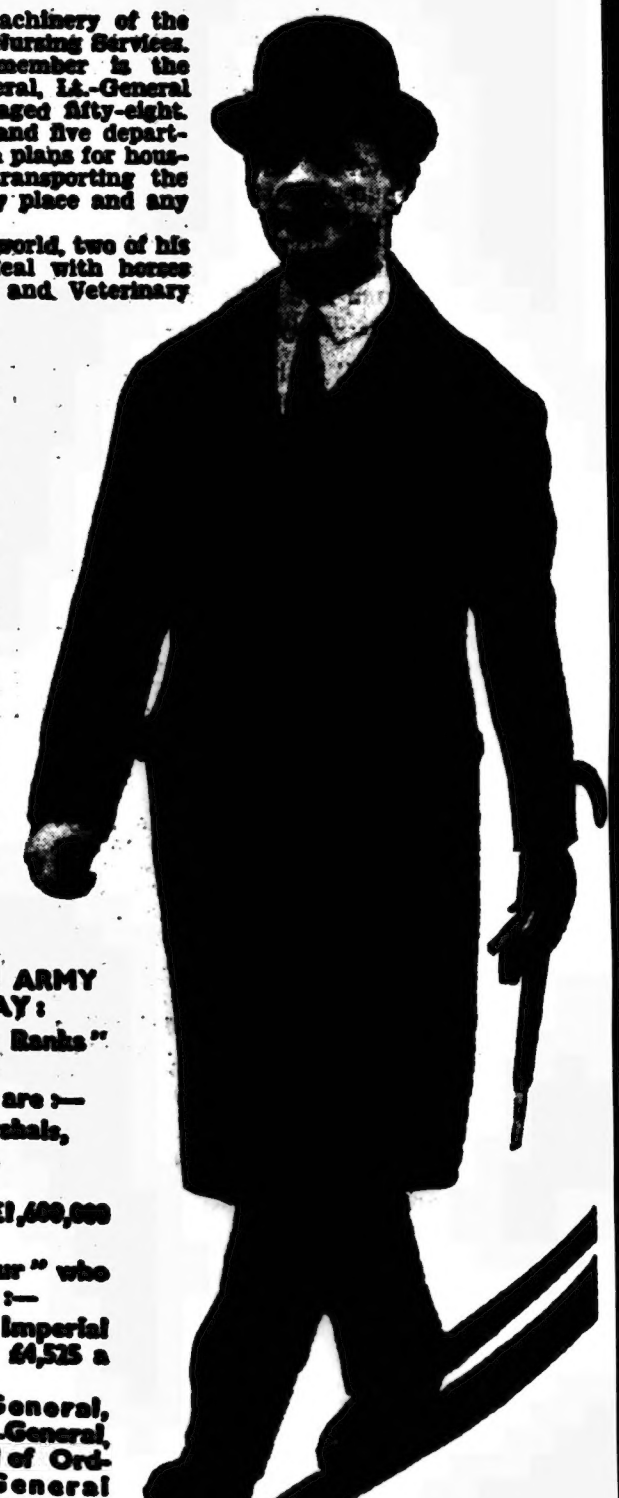
Yet another job for the Q.M.G. is the design and construction of forts and ranges. Q.M.G. also controls the telephone and power installations, without which a modern army could not function.

Fourth and last of the military members of the Council with whom we propose to deal is the Master-General of Ordnance, Eng.-Vice-Admiral Sir Harold Brown.

After next month he will cease to be a

Mr. Hore-Belisha, forty-three-year-old Secretary for War, has smashed all precedents by his clean sweep of elderly Generals from the Army Council, and by replacing them with younger men.

To the House of Commons he said: "If any further appointments are made . . . merit, character and ability, as well as suitability for an office, will be the guiding consideration, regardless of youth, age or mere seniority."



THE BRITISH ARMY OF TO-DAY:

208,695 "Other Ranks"
12,991 Officers
Of which there are:—
6 Field-Marshals,
99 Generals,
389 Colonels.

Total Bill: £1,400,000 a week.

The "Big Four" who boss them earn:—

Chief of the Imperial General Staff: £4,525 a year;

Adjutant-General, Quartermaster-General, Master-General of Ordnance—if a General £3 2s. 10d. per day; if a Lt.-General £6 15s. 10d. per day; if a Maj.-General £5 0s. 0d. per day.

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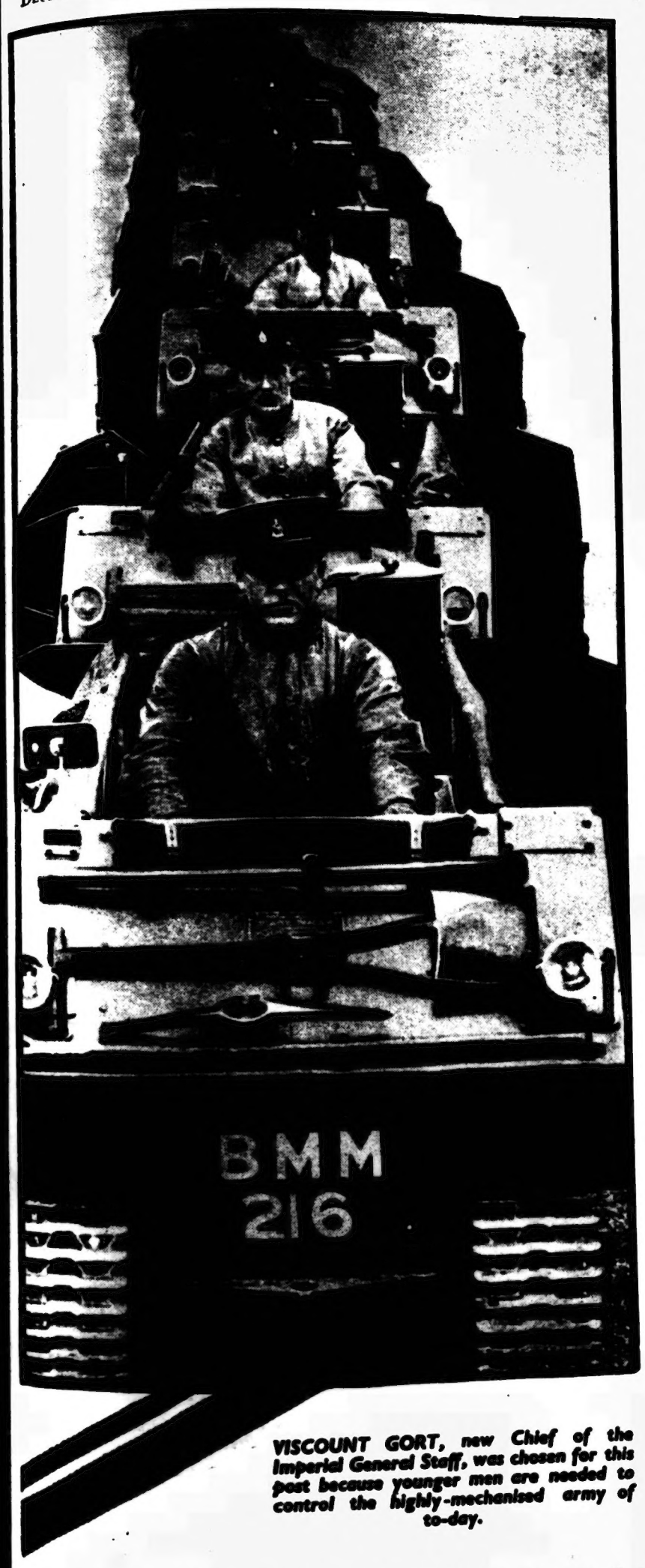
...rty-three-year-old Secretary ... all precedents by his clean ... Generals from the Army ...lacing them with younger

...Commons he said: "If any ...s are made . . . merit, ..., as well as suitability for ... the guiding consideration, ...ge or mere seniority."



VISCOUNT GORT, new Chief of the Imperial General Staff, was chosen for this post because younger men are needed to control the highly-mechanised army of to-day.

military member of the Council. There will still, however, be a Big Four, because the seat is being taken by the Director-General of the Territorial Army, Gen. Sir Walter Kirke.

In some respects M.G.O.'s job has been the most gigantic job of all.

With a staff of about sixty officers he has had to provide the fighting man with every item of his equipment, from the biggest gun to a company bugle. He has had to buy, design, experiment and make all, or nearly all, of the multitude of things pressed into use for modern warfare.

In the recent change he had also to take over the job of Director-General of Munitions Production so as to control the output of civilian factories in the Defence Scheme.

Tank manufacture and every kind of wheeled vehicle is his responsibility. He also runs Woolwich and the Small Arms Factory at Enfield, and, in between times, sets a host of scientists at work in dozens of laboratories on research concerned with death-dealing weapons.

We can skip the work of the political members of the Council, who deal chiefly with questions like finance and answering to Parliament.

It is worth while, however, to make one point clear before we leave them—a point that is little known—about the relation of the Army to the State.

The politicians are boss on the Council because Parliament and the people are the real bosses of the Army, to an extent unknown in any other country.

During the great Victory March through London in 1919, Marshal Foch was astonished to see a solitary London constable marching at the head of this vast display of armed might. He turned and asked Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, riding at his side, about it.

"There, my dear Marshal," replied Sir Henry, "you have the British Constitution in a nutshell. The military power must always be subordinate to the civil power."

That is why you always see a policeman striding at the head of great military processions. He is there, not to see the way is clear, but to be a symbol of the people's supreme authority.

There are plenty of people who say—great experts among them—that the Army of to-day's all *wrong*. They point to the lack of officers—a thousand and more below establishment; the dearth of recruits, running into many thousands, and the poor quality of those who do get in.

Army Deficiencies

They point to dozens of gross deficiencies in modern equipment, and, after nearly every annual troops exercise for the past ten years, they have scathingly criticised the Army's lack in technical and tactical skill.

A recent summing-up in one of the most authoritative journals is that, after all our experience since 1918, and in spite of all the troubles with which we are faced, the Army of to-day does not stand out like that of 1914.

No use blaming the military members of the Council entirely. They have had to sit across the Council table through a succession of "economy"-mad Governments.

Training and equipment costs money, and if that was not forthcoming there was little else to do. But one cannot help wondering if some of the previous military members were of the type or capacity to fight hard enough for what they believed in.

But then, few people realise how omnipotent is the Secretary of State. It is, of course, open to a member of the Council to dissent from a decision of the War Secretary; but if he adheres to his objection he must signify it by tendering his resignation.

It takes a bold man to do this, to smash perhaps a long, hard-fought career for some such point as the improvement of the Army. Perhaps it is too much to ask of any man.

But, nevertheless, we can remember the long delay in mechanisation and the development of the Tank Brigade. Germany, deprived by Versailles of the possession of such things for twelve years, outstripped us within a year or two of breaking the Treaty.

For fifteen years the question of pay and promotion has been steadily quoted as a reason for the drying-up of recruiting for both officers and other ranks.

Yet we had to wait until two years ago for the Stanhope Committee to come out with a report that smoothed away some of the insuperable "humps" which stopped officers' promotion.

To-day a man cannot remain a subaltern into middle-age, but the damage has been done. There have been no attractions in the Army as a profession for either officer or man.

There is now another Committee (not yet reported) which is to open up the way to commissions for men in the ranks, and which may raise pay so that a subaltern can marry—at present a practical impossibility.

In the last year we have seen a £3,000,000 scheme for new barracks put into operation. Relics of the Crimean War are to be swept away, and the men are to be housed decently.

Hore-Belisha, with his sure knowledge of the human touch, has introduced such reforms as allowing soldiers to sleep out of barracks, and done more in the way of food and clothing improvements, to break down the "prisoner in uniform" idea.

Equipment Lacking

If he would do something to increase privates' pay or allowances so that they could *afford* to sleep out of barracks, that would be the best recruiting move yet.

And superb new barracks in Aldershot, complete with central heating and other amenities, still strikes a wry note alongside Bovington Camp, where men in the youngest and most efficient arm of the service, "married off the strength," have quarters in ramshackle railway carriages.

Vocational training to prevent a soldier being flung on the scrap heap when his term is over is a good thing. But it would be better if the Minister would listen to the Trade Unions.

They are objecting, and rightly, against soldiers receiving about six months' "engineering training" and then competing in the labour market without even a certificate to say that they are fitters.

On the matter of our deficiencies in modern fighting equipment there are many questions which are out of place in a lay paper, but there are a few we can ask.

Where is the semi-automatic rifle which was to replace the old Lee-Enfield? Most of the Continental Powers have been refitted with this type of weapon for the past five years.

America has had the Garand gun for nearly ten years.

Where is the Bren light machine-gun which was to revolutionise our infantry? It was announced as standard equipment two years ago, yet few soldiers have ever seen one, and fewer still trained in its use.

The same delay. Short purse or short sight?

Who is to Blame?

Is it true that we have not an Army, but merely, in Mr. Winston Churchill's phrase, "the most expensive police force in the world?"

Whose fault is it for these delays and the decay from standards which the country has a right to expect?

The fault of us all, but also of Parliament above all—to whom the Army has always been "nobody's baby." But we cannot let off the Army Council too lightly. In the past it has pulled too many ways at once and lost sight of its main job in political and higher military cabals.

But we have a new one now. It must pull one way only—towards the most efficient army which this mighty nation can provide. It has "broken into the news" now, and it is going to stay there till all past mistakes forgotten, its job is well and properly done.

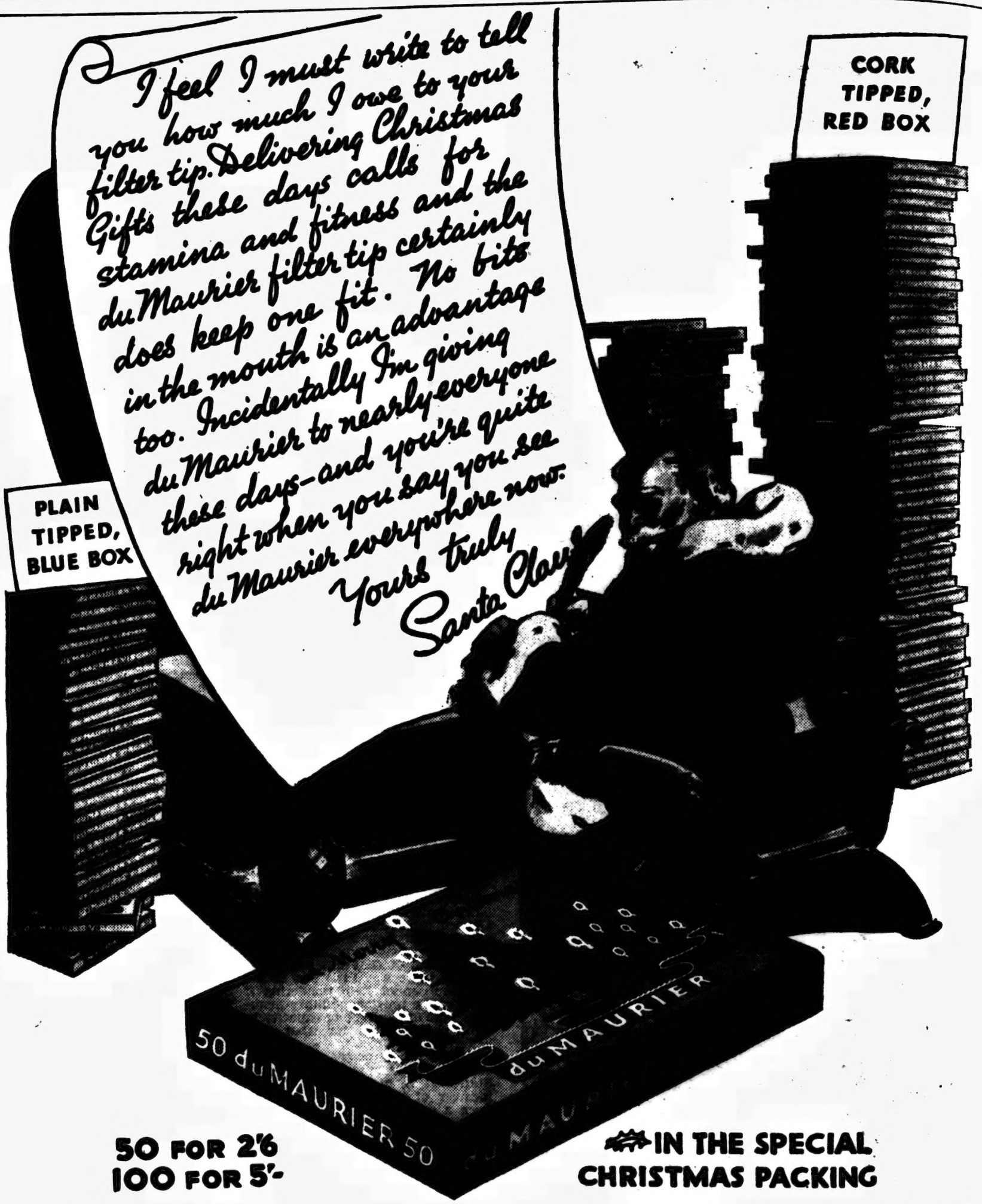
I feel I must write to tell you how much I owe to your filter tip. Delivering Christmas Gifts these days calls for stamina and fitness and the du Maurier filter tip certainly does keep one fit. No bits in the mouth is an advantage too. Incidentally I'm giving du Maurier to nearly everyone these days—and you're quite right when you say you see du Maurier everywhere now.

Yours truly

Santa Claus

CORK TIPPED, RED BOX

PLAIN TIPPED, BLUE BOX



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100 FOR 5'-

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The perfect cigarette with the exclusive filter tip

Without Fear or Favou

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NOT troubling to find s
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So the great army of wor
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Office's swollen profits will
belts still further.

Many of them get less tha
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One auxiliary postman w
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OPI

Sir ABE BAILEY,
Jockey Club, Newmarket

DEAR SIR ABE,—People in clos
timacy with the Turf are bec
alarmed at the campaign you and
of your friends are known to be w
in influential quarters against st
price betting.

If you go much farther, you wil
to face a storm of disapproval.

Racing is now in a healthier con
than ever before.

It will be dealt a death-blow
millions of small backers are legal
bidden to bet away from the cours
office bookmakers or the Tote.

Deny them the right of betting
racing takes place away from
home districts and they will c
transfer allegiance to some c
numerous counter-attractions.

If you fail to get repressive l
tion, then you would crush startin
betting by a heavy tax on winni

Then we would have the ill-c
experiment of the Betting Tax
years ago all over again.

A tax on winnings without prop
ate rebate on losing transactions
be a fiasco.

Your prestige would grow if y
your energy into a movement to
cheaper racing under more comf
conditions.—JOHN BULL.

There's much better work you
do, Sir Abe

Without Fear or Favour

Postman Knocks in Vain

NOT troubling to find an excuse, the Government turns down the postmen's plea for better wages—even before the detailed claims are made!

So the great army of workers who help to bring our Christmas happiness and add to the Post Office's swollen profits will have to tighten their belts still further.

Many of them get less than 40s. a week. Of the part-time staff, ten thousand do not earn £1!

One auxiliary postman who writes to us covers some of the most mountainous roads in the country—through snow, slush and gales. He receives the scandalous pittance of 22s. 7d. Thousands of sub-postmasters are even worse off. One tells us that he works 70 hours a week. For him there is no half-holiday, sick pay or pension. His wife helps him without payment.

Last Christmas, when he did £4,000 worth of business and had to engage extra staff, he was awarded 4s. 9d. for his services.

Postal clerks receive much lower pay than other Civil Service grades.

The Post Office surplus has jumped to £12,000,000 a year. To deny a share of it to postal workers who are having to make heavy sacrifices to meet rising living costs is the wickedest, meanest affront which this Government has yet perpetrated.

OPEN LETTERS

Sir ABE BAILEY,
Jockey Club, Newmarket

DEAR SIR ABE,—People in close intimacy with the Turf are becoming alarmed at the campaign you and some of your friends are known to be waging in influential quarters against starting price betting.

If you go much farther, you will have to face a storm of disapproval.

Racing is now in a healthier condition than ever before.

It will be dealt a death-blow if the millions of small backers are legally forbidden to bet away from the course with office bookmakers or the Tote.

Deny them the right of betting when racing takes place away from their home districts and they will quickly transfer allegiance to some of the numerous counter-attractions.

If you fail to get repressive legislation, then you would crush starting-price betting by a heavy tax on winnings.

Then we would have the ill-starred experiment of the Betting Tax of ten years ago all over again.

A tax on winnings without proportionate rebate on losing transactions would be a fiasco.

Your prestige would grow if you put your energy into a movement to provide cheaper racing under more comfortable conditions.—JOHN BULL.

There's much better work you could do, Sir Abe

The DUKE OF MONTROSE,
National Institute for the Deaf

YOUR GRACE,—Thousands of sufferers, like yourself, are handicapped by defective hearing. They will welcome your acceptance of the Presidential chair of the National Institute for the Deaf.

The interest and enthusiasm which go into everything you take up must encourage them to hope that you will use your great authority and vigorous ability in dealing specially with the problem of the employment of deaf people.

Another great service you could render would be to assist my efforts for the suppression of the unscrupulous quacks who sell so-called hearing aids at fantastic prices.

This would best be done by the compilation of an approved list of manufacturers whose instruments satisfy your Institute in respect of efficiency and cost.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN,
Minister of Labour

DEAR MR. BROWN,—Please give your early and most serious attention to a subject that is being freely spoken about in many industrial towns.

I allude to the reports that in numerous factories a blackmailing system has been introduced. Workers are covertly threatened with dismissal if they do not accept harsh conditions. Worse still, when sacked adverse reports about them will be sent to the Ministry of Labour so that they may be deprived of unemployment benefit.

Begin this investigation by sending inspectors to Lancashire. They can ascertain from your employment exchange managers why so many weavers will not accept employment in certain cotton mills.—JOHN BULL.

Councillor E. M. FORD,
Mayor of Hastings

YOUR WORSHIP,—Most people know how proud is Hastings' boast that it will yet become the most exclusive and select of all summer resorts.

But that does not justify the alarm you are spreading about the rising tide of the demand for holidays with pay for all workers.

Teeming millions, you foresee, will descend from the big cities and the big industrial towns like locusts upon the seaside places within easy access.

Don't panic. Get ready for and profit from the rush. Use your influence to break down the stupid obstinacy of the education authorities in refusing to spread school holidays over a wider period.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEOFFREY PETO,
Chairman, Food Council

DEAR SIR,—On January 1 the quotas of imported chilled and frozen beef are to be increased by order of the International Beef Conference.

As a beginning, an extra 100,000 cwt. a month are to be allowed to enter this country.

If your Council is ever to pull its weight, let it do so now in an effort to see that the bigger supply brings cheaper retail prices.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. W. FLAVELL,
Queen's Road, London, W.

DEAR MADAM,—Britain need fear no foe while commanding such loyalty as that of your canary, which, you proudly tell me, sings the National Anthem on occasions.

May adversity never compel this fluffy little patriot to join the pathetic parade of those who have to sing in the streets for a livelihood.—JOHN BULL.

Major-Gen. Sir FREDERICK PILE, Bt.,
Hillingdon House, Uxbridge

DEAR GENERAL,—Congratulations on your appointment to the command of the 1st Anti-Aircraft Division of the Territorial Army.

Every soldier knows that you are blessed with imagination, great enthusiasm—and an immense sense of humour.

This last asset seems to be particularly appropriate now that you are to be responsible for the ground defence of London.

That precious balloon barrage scheme with which you have been saddled, for instance.

It seems the sort of thing that would drive anyone crazy who takes it too seriously. Some balloons go up in flames and others go adrift on unintended experimental cruises.—JOHN BULL.

Miss DUESBURY,
Matron, Doncaster Infirmary

DEAR MATRON,—In your hospital, you admit that the night nurses work 77 and the day nurses 63 hours a week.

Every effort you have made to have these conditions bettered has been in vain.

In no other trade or profession are the workers asked, as your nurses are, to be on duty for six and a half days out of seven—with the night staff getting only one night off a month.

But Doncaster is only representative of hospital conditions almost everywhere. In some areas they are even worse.

There will be no improvement until the Government is driven to accept the Labour Party proposal for legislation to fix the working hours in every publicly controlled institution in the land.—JOHN BULL.

Coun. A. TUCKER,
Miners' Leader, Stanley

DEAR SIR,—In North-West Durham you have laid bare a scandal with national implications.

Colliery managers everywhere declare that they cannot get nearly enough skilled miners to fill key positions.

Yet in your district, as in other coalfields, there are a great number of men well fitted for but denied the jobs.

They are men who at one time were disabled by nystagmus, but who have been cured and medically declared fully capable of resuming work.

But it is almost impossible for a worker who has once been stricken ever to get employment again.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. JAMES FENTON,
Chairman, Health Education Council

DEAR DOCTOR,—I hope that soon you and your Council will be able to persuade the Government to copy the French and German plans for the establishment of hostels or holiday camps at spas for tired workers.

There adolescents and adult men and women workers could be sent for a course of hydrological treatment as a preventive measure and as a rejuvenating tonic.

Mainly because of the lack of this provision in Britain industrial capacity through rheumatism alone entails a loss of five and a half million weeks' work at an annual cost of £17,000,000.—JOHN BULL.

MR. DON BRADMAN,
Sydney, N.S.W.

DEAR DON,—Do you intend, when, as captain, you bring the Australian Test cricket team to Britain next year, to register it at Lord's as a professional combination?

For years it has been known that every Australian touring cricketer receives a "bonus" of £600.

But the hypocritical pose of amateurism cannot be longer sustained. For I learn authoritatively that a further £1,000 per man is to be spent on your team.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. D. H. GEFFEN,
M.O. of Health, Enfield

DEAR SIR,—A sillier moan has never been heard than yours about working-class mothers. You seem to believe they get very little exercise, if any, and their outdoor recreation, you say, consists in pushing a perambulator to the nearest open space and resting while the children play.

Spend a day in any working-class home. Before the end of it you will have mended your opinion that the average married woman does not get nearly enough exercise.—JOHN BULL.

Viscount HORNE,
House of Lords

MY LORD,—Your memory must be becoming sadly impaired.

Have you forgotten that you were Chancellor of the Exchequer when the deflation policy was put in force? When the movement was begun for the restoration of Britain to the Gold Standard eleven years ago?

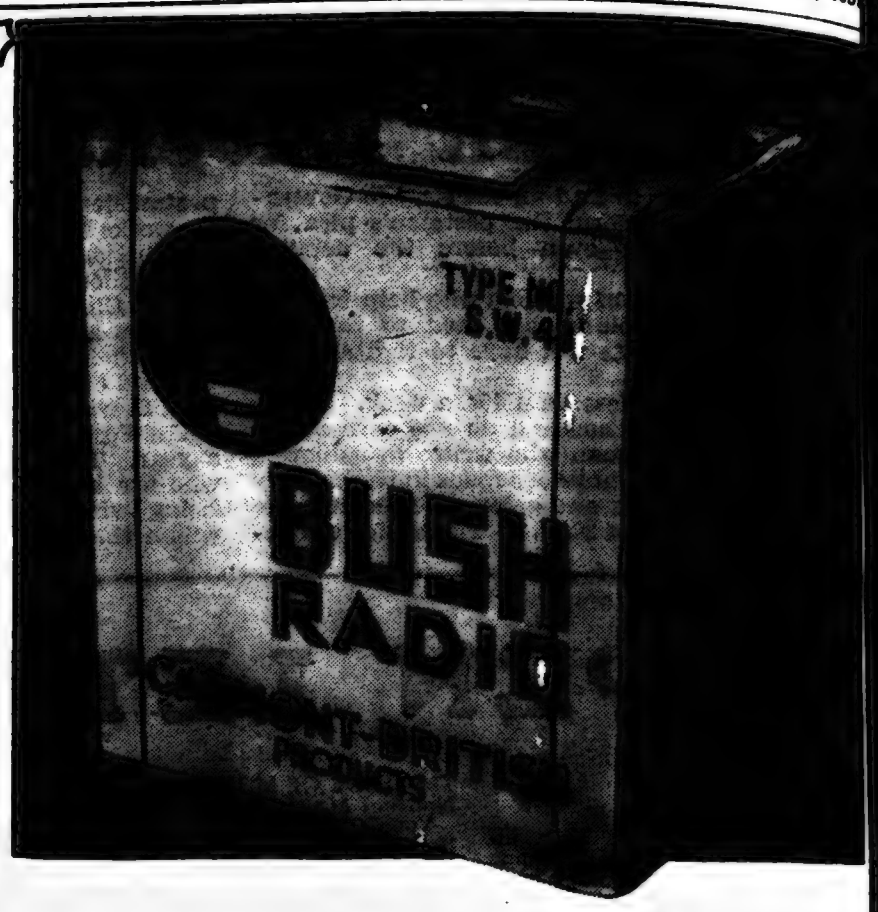
Anyhow, I cannot reconcile what you did then with your statement the other day that the country has started a career of increasing prosperity only since it *departed* from the Gold Standard.

And your recollection cannot be so weak as to have caused you to lose sight of the fact that the National Government, to which you pay tribute, took office with the single purpose of preventing Britain slipping off the Gold Standard!

Jugglery such as yours, with recent history, is too crude to deceive anyone.—JOHN BULL.

"There's more in this than meets the eye".

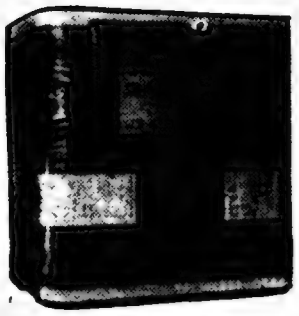
says Christopher Stone



THERE'LL be a big "hurrah" for the father who carries this carton into the dining room on Christmas morning. For inside is a brand new Bush radio—the present with the very big future. Month in, month out, for many years to come, that Bush receiver is going to bring you interest and entertainment from the four corners of the earth. And whether you pay 10 gns., 12 gns. or 15 gns., the Bush you buy is really reliable, good to look at, economical, and fine value for money.

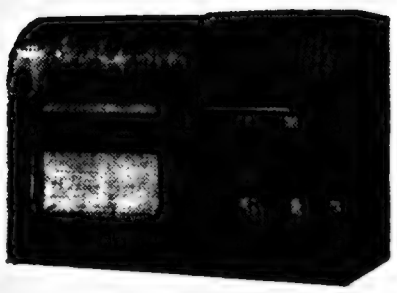
There's time to order your Bush before Christmas. Drop into your Bush dealer's on your way home tonight and hear what's in store for you and your family!

ALL-WAVE MODEL S.W.41
A seven-stage superhet for A.C. mains with six tuned circuits. Super-selectivity secured by use of "High Q" I.F. transformers. Energised m.c. speaker. Full A.V.C. and provision for pick-up and remote speaker. Price **10 GNS. CASH**
Or on popular payments £1 deposit, 3/1d. a week.



ALL-WAVE MODEL S.W.43
7-stage superhet for A.C. mains with output of 8 watts delivered to large m.c. speaker. Wave ranges:—Short 16.5-51, Medium 198-550, Long 850-2000 metres. Dual ratio tuning control for accurate tuning all wave-bands. Price **12 GNS. CASH**
Or on popular payments £1 deposit 3/9d. a week.

DE LUXE ALL-WAVE MODEL S.W.45
Six-valve, seven-stage superhet for A.C. mains. 8 watt output. Unique TELEFLIC dial for short waves. Magic eye tuning indicator Variable selectivity control. Sensitive A.V.C. system. Luxurious walnut cabinet. Price **15 GNS. CASH**
On popular payments 21/- deposit, 4/8d. a week.



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Housewi

BY A. G. GA

What do you think about the ring cost of living?" is the ry put by readers everywhere. G.G. here sums up his views th characteristic clarity and his mand for an enquiry will be hoed by every housewife in the land.

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hey both tell the same tale, but I take that of Manchester, which is roved by the leading grocers of that y.

he table covers various grades of ter, bacon, cheese, lard, margarine, tea, sugar, flour and sausage. In all, there are thirty-two separate modities, the prices of which to-day a year ago are compared. *In enty-two cases the price has risen; in ht it is the same; in two it has fallen.* It is idle to combat these facts. They familiar to every housewife who has budget for a family, and they are t familiar to the poorest.

Nor is it much to the point to con- as: our relative prosperity with that of

—The Human Machin

LET'S FACE

IF there are days when you feel ex and other days when you feel dull periods when you feel calm and periods when you regard everyone as everything as an irritation, don't begin unusual. It's everyone's common experi

Moods—emotional disturbances—are have to be respected and reckoned with and partly mental, they are deeply roote life. We can none of us escape them. T we have to face is whether we are them or be controlled by them.

Sensitiveness, impulsiveness, stubbor pessimism, and a hundred other traits, tent born with us and are threads in th character.

But—and it is a very big and very threads. The pattern we weave with t

All these threads are really potenti only that if they are harnessed and tra training involves, the adapting of our own particular tasks, is one of the harde

What we have to do is to learn t to use it to help us in our job of tack

Every Housewife's Cry

BY A. G. GARDINER

"What do you think about the rising cost of living?" is the query put by readers everywhere. A.G.G. here sums up his views with characteristic clarity and his command for an enquiry will be echoed by every housewife in the land.

ALL over the country petitions are being signed and meetings are being held protesting against the increasing cost of living.

At a meeting at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, which was being addressed by Sir Archibald Sinclair, a woman went on to the platform and presented him with a petition signed by 6,000 housewives. This is symptomatic of what is taking place everywhere.

There is a disposition in some quarters to treat all this agitation as a political manœuvre to discredit the Government.

I dare say there is some element of that in that. It is the business of Oppositions to make things hot for Governments and to exploit the discontents of the people.

But this can only be done when the discontents are real, and it is the foolishness to pretend that in this case they are not real. Food prices have risen, are rising, and threaten to rise still further.

I have before me certain tables showing comparative prices in London and in Manchester to-day and a year ago.

★ ★ ★

They both tell the same tale, but I will take that of Manchester, which is approved by the leading grocers of that city.

The table covers various grades of butter, bacon, cheese, lard, margarine, milk, tea, sugar, flour and sausage. In all, there are thirty-two separate commodities, the prices of which to-day and a year ago are compared. *In twenty-two cases the price has risen; in eight it is the same; in two it has fallen.* It is idle to combat these facts. They are familiar to every housewife who has a budget for a family, and they are not familiar to the poorest.

Nor is it much to the point to contrast our relative prosperity with that of other countries like Germany and Russia, where food queues and coupons still prevail and where the standard of wages is incredibly lower.

The point that has to be met is: Why are prices rising? Is it due to causes for which our public policy is responsible, or is it due to causes over which we have no control? The answer, I think, is—both.

Let us look at the second category first. In a certain sense the rise was not only inevitable, but necessary.

Without it there could not have been the remarkable increase of prosperity which we have witnessed in the last two or three years.

When the Great Slump came in 1930-31 prices collapsed. They collapsed so far that the producers were ruined. They had to fling their commodities—wheat, wool, coffee, butter, and the rest—on the market for any price they could get.

And the consumer got the benefit—in one way. He was able to buy the goods he wanted at knock-out prices.

But his good fortune was very one-sided. For the corollary of this reign of cheapness was the most calamitous unemployment on record.

The bankruptcy of the producer in New Zealand, Australia, Argentina, everywhere, led to the catastrophic slump in world trade.

★ ★ ★

Since he could not sell his goods at a profit, he could not buy the things he wanted.

Hence the terrible story of the Black Years—the paralysis of trade and two million people on the dole.

The swing of the pendulum had gone too far. In the tug-of-war between the producer and the consumer, the consumer had won.

But his victory had been too complete. In slaying the producer he had slain his customer. He had killed the goose that laid his own golden egg.

And he learned from bitter experience that trade is reciprocal, and that producer and consumer must observe the principle of "live and let live."

We have escaped from that abyss, and no one wishes to return to it. The rise in the price of commodities has put the producer on his feet once more. Australia is prosperous again; so are New Zealand and Argentina; so in varying degrees are all the producing countries.

And, as one result, a million and a half more people are in employment in this country than in the darkest days of the slump years.

We have learned that cheap goods can be bought at too dear a price, and that plentiful employment is better than butter at below the cost of production.

So far the apologists of the Government are on sound ground.

But is this the whole of the story? I do not think it is. In so far as the rise in the cost of living is due to a living wage for the producer, it is not only just, but, in its effects, profitable to the consumer.

But there is much weight in the argument that it has gone, and is going, beyond this, and that the policy of the Government is largely responsible.

What is that policy? It is a policy of tariffs, quotas, marketing restrictions and regulative control.

There is hardly a commodity that comes into our larders which is not affected by these devices, all of them the result of our deliberate action. I will go through a few examples:

Wheat: An import duty of 2s. per qr. on foreign imports (Ottawa).

Flour: Levy on importers and millers under Wheat Act to provide subsidy for home growers of wheat.

Beef and Veal: Import duties on chilled and frozen meat from foreign countries. Foreign imports of chilled beef cut to about 90 per cent. of imports in Ottawa year. Empire imports limited by voluntary agreement.

Mutton and Lamb: Foreign imports reduced to 65 per cent. of Ottawa year.

Pork: Foreign imports, frozen and salted, restricted by quota. Imported fresh pork prohibited.

Bacon: Foreign imports restricted by quota.

Poultry: Duty of 3d. per lb. on foreign imports.

Eggs: Duty of 1s. to 1s. 9d. per 120 foreign eggs.

Butter: Import duty of 15s. per cwt. on foreign butter.

Cheese: Import duty of 15 per cent. on foreign imports.

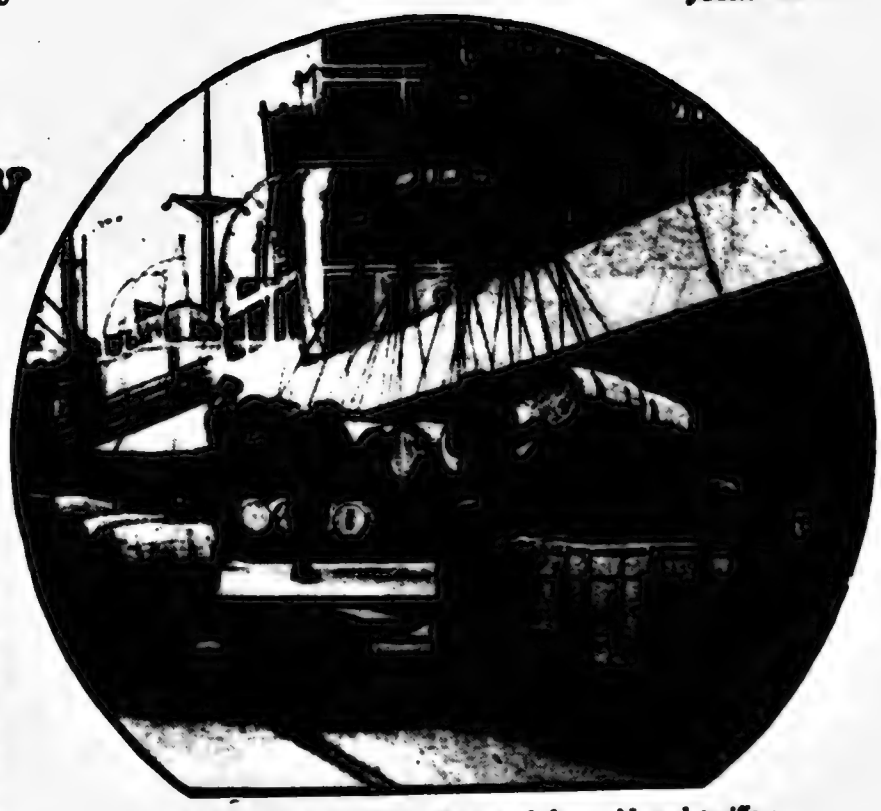
Fruit: Duties up to 14s. per cwt. on foreign fruit.

Potatoes: Duty up to £2 per ton on foreign imports. Also quota limitations.

Vegetables: Foreign imports subject to varying duties.

★ ★ ★

And so on. I say nothing here as to the merits or demerits of the policy that has led to this vast and intricate web of tariffs and restrictions.



Our food supplies come from all parts of the world, and tariffs, quotas, and numerous restrictions affect their prices

Every one of those imposts falls on the consumer. Where else can it fall?

Every duty puts up the price. Every quota limits the supply. Every restriction operates against the consumer.

If this be admitted—and it cannot be denied—then it is dishonest to suggest that the agitation against the cost of living is a political manœuvre, or that the Government has no responsibility in the matter.

The grievance is great and growing. Its causes, good or bad, are clear and indisputable.

In so far as they are bad, they should be remedied.

And the Government will be well advised to listen to the cry that is coming, not from the politicians, but from the housewives of the land, and follow the example of President Roosevelt by setting up an enquiry into this grave matter.

Write and tell the Editor what you would like A. G. Gardiner to write about next.

Wedding Present

"HAPPY is the bride the sun shines on," runs the old saying.

Looking out of his window on a day of monotonously persistent downpour, a Northumberland husband-to-be could have had little hope that the sun would shine on *his* bride at the wedding, then a few days ahead.

The gutters of the houses seemed almost incapable of dealing with the downpour. Street drains were choked with the rush of water. And, to make matters worse, the sky gave no promise that there was better weather coming.

★ ★ ★

Hopes for the future were driven away by fears for the present, however, when those drains designed to carry away surplus water began, instead, to cascade fountains into the air from the depths of the saturated earth.

Water in an ever-deepening flood came swirling up the garden path to rush over the threshold of the house, then to encroach into the sitting-room and living-room, finally to do considerable damage to furniture and other possessions intended for the new home.

But the sun did shine on that bride, after all. The bridegroom describes it as the sun of JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme.

Almost as if it had been intended as a wedding present came our cheque to cover the damage, all because that new husband, as a single man, had sensibly filled up the form that will qualify you for the protection of that wonderful free scheme.

That coupon is reproduced on page 31 of this issue. Sign now, and go about your daily work with increased confidence from this very moment.

The Human Machine

LET'S FACE IT

IF there are days when you feel exuberantly happy and other days when you feel dull and miserable, periods when you feel calm and reasonable and periods when you regard everyone as your enemy and everything as an irritation, don't begin to think you're unusual. It's everyone's common experience.

Moods—emotional disturbances—are real things and have to be respected and reckoned with. Partly physical and partly mental, they are deeply rooted in our psychic life. We can none of us escape them. The only question we have to face is whether we are going to control them or be controlled by them.

Sensitiveness, impulsiveness, stubbornness, optimism, pessimism, and a hundred other traits, are to some extent born with us and are threads in the pattern of our character.

But—and it is a very big and very important "but"—they are only threads. The pattern we weave with them is our own affair.

All these threads are really potential sources of energy, but they are only that if they are harnessed and trained. And the self-discipline such training involves, the adapting of our own particular temperament to our own particular tasks, is one of the hardest jobs we have to undertake.

What we have to do is to learn to know our temperament, and then to use it to help us in our job of tackling life.

In this advertisement we have followed the advice of the old Chinese proverb—" ONE PICTURE IS WORTH A MILLION WORDS." The illustrations below are all actual photographs taken in the vineyards where our grapes are grown and in our winery in " Glorious Devon." They show exactly how our famous wines are produced.

Peasant women, wearing their picturesque Southern dresses, gather the perfectly-ripened grapes in the vineyards

The grapes are then carried by donkey carts to the Winery. Note the little boys " stealing a ride " on the return journey

Modern crushers and presses extract the juice in a perfectly hygienic manner. Now diluted from the vat in some quantities of the natural fruit.

WHITEWAY'S

PORT-STYLE WINES RUBY & WHITE & BRITISH SHERRY

Stocked by 5,000 Wine Merchants

(If any difficulty in procuring write us for name of nearest retailer)

The grapes taken in tins loaded on river boats for transhipment by canal steamers to London. On arrival there it is transferred to coastal steamers and unloaded at lovely Torquay, Devonshire

On arrival at our Winery it undergoes the final process of fermentation and then matures in huge oak vats. The above photograph illustrates a corner of one of our beautifully cool cellars

One can imagine a more idyllic situation for a factory ? But as it is in the heart of Glorious Devon, our Winery is kept continually fresh and moist by the cooling air from the Dartmoor Hills and the gentle sea breezes from the Atlantic

Actual Photograph

Reduced facsimile.

THERE IS NO NEED TO PAY MORE THAN THESE ECONOMICAL PRICES FOR BRITISH WINES. NO MONEY CAN BUY BETTER THAN THE BEST

ALL BOTTLED IN FOUR SIZES AS ON RIGHT

Wine—Real Wine—Wine approved by the Royal Institute of Public Health and Hygiene is now within the reach of all—and not just a drink for the well-to-do.

FULL ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH

FREE Booklet " The Truth about our Wines" with these illustrations in beautiful colours sent free and post paid on application.

Please send as above

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

If your wine merchant or licensed grocer does not stock and you require name of our nearest retailer, please write here .....

J.B.

½d. stamp if unsealed .....

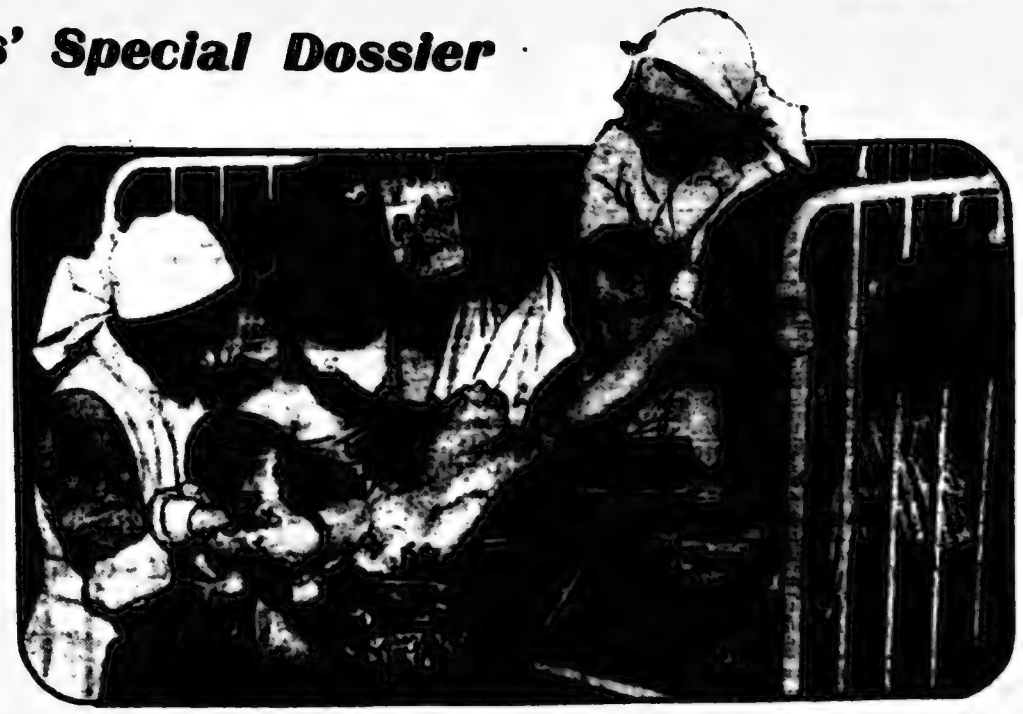
WHITEWAY'S CYDER CO. LTD., WHIMPLE, DEVON

London Depot, 22, Albert Embankment, S.E.11.
Northern Depot, Wicker Station, Spital Hill, Sheffield, 4

Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier

WICKED TOYS SWINDLE

—Sick Children Cruelly Exploited



The great joy that toys bring to suffering children was particularly stressed in the clever appeal of James Joseph Grimshaw, exposed here

AT this time of the year, when the spirit of good-will is uppermost in most people's thoughts, there can seem no worse or more despicable offence than that of robbing the public in the name of poor and needy children.

I have had a lot of information put before me during the past few weeks about sham appeals made for such a cause, but rarely have I come across a more glaring fraud than that which has been perpetrated in the name of the "National Toys and Games Society," of New Bond Street, London, W., and elsewhere.

Printed matter issued by this Society represented that its chief aim was to collect money to provide for free distribution of toys, games and books to children's hospitals, sanatoria and convalescent homes.

* * *

Pamphlets appealed for public support on an extensive scale so that the Society could become "a great institution for furthering the happiness of children during illness or convalescence," and would support "every British Hospital, Sanatorium, Children's Home, Orphanage and all kindred institutions." In displayed type, under the headings "How to Help" and "Why You *Should* Help," people in all parts of the country have been asked to collect toys, books, etc., from their own households and friends, and told why they should subscribe to the Society's funds.

Who did not know, from his or her early experience, the joy that toys bring to children in times of illness?

Who would disagree, as stated in the pamphlet, "that a mind thus diverted from thoughts of the pain being suffered is a valuable aid on the road to recovery"?

Collections for funds have been conducted far and wide. Manufacturers and suppliers of toys and books have been invited to send parcels of gifts for prudent distribution.

Orders, on a credit basis, have been carried out by others at the request of this organisation, the officials of it promising that accounts would promptly be settled.

But the whole thing has turned out to be a heartless swindle.

Employees of the Society, which commenced operations last spring from offices in St. Helens Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, were engaged by a certain James Joseph Grimshaw. Some were told to circularise sports outfitters, toy manufacturers and certain of the nobility. Others gave telephonic orders for goods. Grimshaw busied himself mostly with the representatives he sent out to make personal appeals for funds.

* * *

Success came quickly. An office in Brook Street, London, was taken as the Society's "Distribution Centre." Just how the gifts were distributed there I should very much like to know.

Then the Westcliff office was closed. Grimshaw told supporters that the Society was making such great strides that he had taken more appropriate "headquarters" in New Bond Street.

Actually, the Westcliff police had called upon him locally with questions which may have prompted the advisability of a move. For, an auditor, a solicitor and other responsible people had complained about their names being misused. All the moneys collected from the campaign which was subsequently conducted from the new West End offices went either to Grimshaw or into his private banking account, after his staff and collectors had been paid.

No one except Grimshaw, who throughout has been the Ali Baba of the piece, knows how much money has been collected, or what has happened to it.

Operations at New Bond Street flourished for a time. Then a few weeks ago the offices there were visited by detectives. These arrived from Scotland Yard to ask a few pertinent questions about some of the Society's collectors who had been detained in the provinces pending enquiries as to their integrity.

Now—*James Joseph Grimshaw has disappeared!*

From figures before me—which, owing to the absence of vital information, must be necessarily vague and incomplete—the fact emerges that only £40 out of one sum of £1,440 admittedly collected was spent on toys.

I am able to say that Grimshaw has been connected with other dubious movements of this kind. One is the "National Library Society for Hospitals," which collects funds to distribute books and magazines to hospitals. It is unworthy of support.

That Grimshaw's supposed anxiety to help suffering children was a heartless guise is fully illustrated by the fact that he recently deserted his wife and child and left them to the mercy of those who administer public relief funds.

If any of my readers can help me to find out where he is now I shall be pleased.

His cruel frauds should most certainly not go unpunished.

'If readers would only take advantage of the free advice I am always ready to give, either by post or in these columns, fewer would be victimised . . . .'

Rd. Childs

Trio to Blacklist

RIGHT at the end of one of the most amazing balance-sheets it has been my privilege to look at—that of the Protestant Action Society, 32, York Place, Edinburgh, which approaches people for support in promoting and defending the Protestant cause—I read:

"I have examined the books and vouchers, also audited same (The Protestant Action Society) and found them accurate.—Alex. Robertson, Auditor."

This balance-sheet deals with a sum of over £2,000. It is for a period of seven months, and no explanation is given why such a curious period has been chosen.

Also, there is no explanation of such a startling entry as "Accounts Paid, but no record through books, £74 3s. 3d."

In fact there are four similar entries for various months for different amounts.

Mr. Robertson, furthermore, gives no address. He gives no qualifications or degrees. I would like to know how he signed a document that quite obviously contains such irregularities.

* * *

I HAD occasion recently to comment on the activities of Rentit, Ltd., 40/42, Oxford Street, London, whose directors are H. J. Herbert and A. E. Cole, who also direct the activities of the notorious Automatic Salesmen, Ltd., from the same address.

Rentit, through its travellers, offers pin tables on hire, and the prospective customer, in the cases which have been brought to my notice, is assured by the traveller that the type of machine can be changed after a period of time, or if it ceases to be popular.

The assurances of the travellers vary in this regard.

When the customer writes to the company asking that the pin table may be changed, the answer is that there is no provision for that in the agreement and the request will not be granted.

In other words, Rentit will not honour the undertakings of its traveller, which is precisely the same attitude which Herbert and Cole have taken up in thousands of cases in regard to travellers of Automatic Salesmen.

Lord Justice MacKinnon's words can, I think, appropriately be repeated: "Any man or any company with the most elementary sense of honesty or decency would have so acted. Rentit, Ltd., and Mr. Herbert, its managing director, and Mr. Cole, its director, apparently do not feel moved by these motives."

So to my readers I say beware of Rentit, Ltd. But if you feel inclined to do business with them, ask the traveller to leave the agreement behind for you to read and show to somebody else to read as well, and tell him to call back in the morning. If he comes back he is an honest traveller, if he does not you will then realise what you have escaped.

* * *

MR. W. K. FUDGE is earning his living in a very curious way.

He runs a second-hand bookshop near Waterloo Station, London, and also the "Research Publishing Company," with offices in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The latter issues a 5s. periodical called the "Genealogical Quarterly."

A few days ago a reader named Dench received a postcard stating that the autumn issue of the "Genealogical Quarterly" contained some interesting information about the Dench family.

Emphatic underlining drew attention to the fact, and there was also the information that the annual subscription to the magazine was only 17s. 6d.

Mr. Dench purchased the autumn number only, paying 5s. 6d., including postage. The "interesting information concerning the Dench family" consisted of a one-line entry headed "Leading Tradesmen of London in 1830," which ran, "Dench, Thomas, Hardwareman, 3, Shoe Lane, Fleet Street."

There was no family connection at all. But, apparently, Mr. Fudge employs a staff to dig out unusual surnames from old books of reference, find out their contemporary calling, and then circularise present holders of those same names stating he has valuable information in regard to their ancestors.

It has been stated that out of every 20,000 postcards he sends out he gets 1,000 replies.

Queer method of earning a living!

Crippled Boy's Ordeal

LITTLE John Chamberlain, then aged twelve, of Cummings Street, Derby, more than two years ago was swept down a flight of steps leading to the playground of the local Clarence Road school in the midst of a crowd of school fellows.

He picked himself out of the melée and limped home. That same evening he was discovered to be seriously injured.

He has been a cripple in the Derby Royal Infirmary practically ever since, and it is doubtful if he will ever be restored to health. Two operations have been performed on the boy's thigh. He is now due to undergo a further X-ray examination.

His parents, who are in poor circumstances, have been informed by the Education Board there are no funds from which to make a grant towards expenses resulting from the accident.

What were the circumstances of the original mishap? School was over. Naturally the young boys were eager to reach the playground. There was the usual rush.

In the ordinary way a teacher or monitor was present at the top of the stairs to prevent dangerous scrambles. On this occasion there was no one.

We understand that since the accident to young Chamberlain, now nearly fifteen, stricter care has been taken to prevent a recurrence of such an untoward event.

But although the Board of Education claims it has no fund out of which to make compensation in such circumstances, we do contend it is scandalous that such a dangerous staircase should continue to exist.

Ways and means can be found if necessary to do something for this boy, whose legs are permanently in irons. It is a matter for immediate concern of the authorities, and the Board of Education, in particular, has the moral responsibility.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY.
Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. Oldest, Largest, Cheapest & Best Wholesale firm. Write now for Catalogue & Guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse 1 Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY. 120 assid. articles 10/- 48 cups, sers., 4/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free. Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

XMAS GIFT SETS. by "Erasmic," "Greasmiths," "Evening in Paris," etc. Everything for the Draper. Lowest Trade Prices. Catlgs. on request.—ARCHERS, Castle Gate Nottingham.

FOX BROS for Smallwares, Toys, Flashlamps, Toilet Goods, Hosiery, etc. Keen Wholesale Price List FREE.—34B, Thomas Street, Manchester, 4.

COTTON PENTS, all descriptions, Blankets, etc., quick sellers. List free.—PENT CLEARING HOUSE, TAYLOR STREET, ACCRINGTON.

SMALL Traders, apply for free 150-page catlg. of up-to-the-minute lines. — L. Frankenburg, Ltd., 37, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

SHEFFIELD Steel Blades 2/6 gross. Repeats certain. Send P.O. to R. C. SCHALLER, 275, WATERLOO ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE EASY MONEY? 5/- in every £ paid on orders, cash or credit, from our famous Watch and Jewellery Catlg. Spare-time agents wtd.—Anglo-Swiss Products, Dept. J.B.A. 18, Regent St., LONDON S.W.1.

WEEKLY Club and Clothing Secretaries will hear something to their advantage by writing to R. C. Schaller, 275, Waterloo Rd., London, S.E.1.

EMPLOYMENT.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Excellent pay and prospects, with pension. No experience required. For FREE details of vacancies, etc., apply C.C. (Dept. 472), 235, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.1.

THE BRITISH ARMY
Vacancies exist in all branches. Good pay. Food, clothing and accommodation free. Opportunities for education, physical training and sport. Liberal holidays on full pay. — Apply any Army Recruiting Office, address obtainable at Post Offices and Employment Exchanges.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Advertisements inserted in 50 Provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/6. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free.—Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 223, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

RETAILERS.—Local trade is limited, so why not sell by post? — the modern method of trading? Advertise bargain line in *John Bull's* famous "Shop Window" and reach millions of buyers all over the country. One advertiser recently reported that from a single advertisement he had received over 500 orders for a 10/- article. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? Start small, grow big. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., John Bull, Room 28, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CARNIVAL GOODS, Balloons, Hats, Novelties, Decorations. Send for free bargain list.—"Unredus," 70/73 Arundel St., Portsmouth.

WALLPAPERS FROM 2½d. ROLL. Patterns of BRITAIN'S MOST VALUE. Post Free.—MAUCE & HALL (DEPT J.B.), SOUTH SHIELDS.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances—Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks. — List J.B.1718 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Rd., N.7.

HOOVERS from 5 Gns. Beater models from 7 gns.—Airways, Electrolux, etc.—Stevens, Mayse, 52, Dorset St., London, W.1. WEL. 8866.

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Beza's British Carnival Novelties, 139, Upper St., London, N.1.

GENUINE ARMY BOOTS (New). Size 8 5/9, 6 6/6. Post Free. C.O.D. 6d. extra. Feenty's Stores, Newtownbutler, Northern Ireland.

DANCE NOVELTIES & ADVERT. BALLOONS LIST FREE. — NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES, Dept. (J.B.), 233, MILE END RD., LONDON, E.1.

AN IDEAL GIFT !!
Genuine Pompeian Gift Boxes, comprising famous Pompeian Beauty Compact and large bottle Pompeian Perfume, selling at 5/6 in the shops—to clear at 2/6. Guaranteed new and in original boxes. Limited stock only.—THE PEOPLE'S PHARMACY, Ltd., BRIGHTON.

DANCE NOVELTIES AND DECORATIONS. Finest selection in London. Illus. list free. Gimns, 17/18, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Chs. 9894.

SECTIONAL BUILDINGS.—Prices down and low easy terms. Garden Sheds, Greenhouses, Garages. Write for Free List.—C. Albert & Co. (Dept. J.B.), 187, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2.

BABY-CLOTHES.—EXPECTANT MOTHERS, do not hesitate in obtaining your complete layette from us. Every garment beautifully Hand-made from finest materials. Style and quality approved by Nursing Home and Welfare centres. 12-garment Layette with full-size Shawl, 30/-; or Superior Nursing Home Set, 42/-, including flannels woollies, silk Robes and Handsome Shawl. Send 2/- for pcl. on approv. (Cash or Terms.)—Mrs J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

GET particulars of the Pifco Elec-tric Cycle Lamps by writing mentioning *John Bull*" for catalogue to Pifco, Ltd., Watling Street, Manchester. See p. 26.

THE best value in Ties—Horrockses—and only 1s. each. Designed by men for men. Smart and durable. Get one to-day, for a few shillings you can stock your wardrobe. See page 32.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

POULTRY - PROFIT. — Make your poultry more profitable by getting "The Feathered World Year Book, 1937." The complete poultry keeper's guide. Everything you want to know about buying, selling and breeding. Over 300 pages and 60 illustrations in photogravure. To obtain a copy send 2/6 to "The Feathered World," Dept. J.B.1, 6, Arundel St., Lon., W.C.2.

RATE
10s. per line.
A line averages six words.
Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Wednesday, 8 days before publication.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

GARDENING.

FREE! — 48-page book full of information for gardeners (illus). Hints and advice on better cultivation of flowers, fruit and vegetables. Send p.c. to LASCO, Ltd. (Dept. 1), Liverpool.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

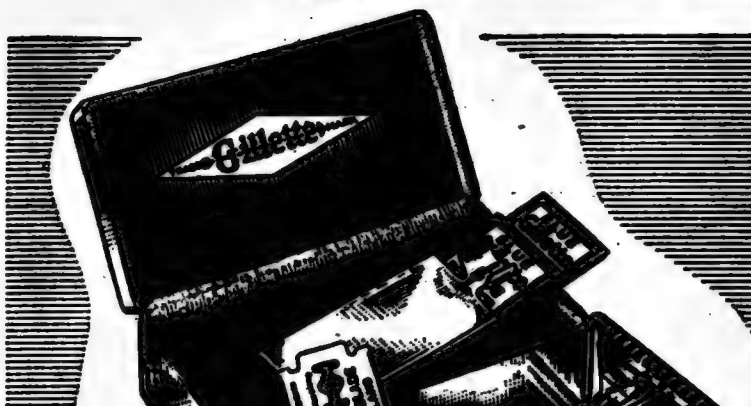
PIANO - ACCORDIONS. Drums and Access. Trumpets, Guitars. 1d. p.c. brings new 1938 48-p. cat. free. Easiest terms. Part Exchanges.—J. R. Raymond Co., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 31, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (836M), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Give Gillette— and all's well



There is not a man who could fail to appreciate the most perfect shaving system in the world. And that's what he'll thank you for if you give him a Gillette shaving set. No gift offers so much everyday usefulness for so little money. Every set's a masterpiece, whether it costs 2/6 or 35/-. Most important of all, the Blue Gillette blades and their holder were evolved by the same designers—as a unit to make Gillette the most perfect shaving system in the world. Give him smooth shaving from now on. Give him a Gillette this year, and all will be well.

NO. 88 SET. In velvet-lined nickel-plated case, contains Gillette Razor together with three electrically-tempered Blue Gillette Blades in specially designed hinged blade-holder. **6/-**

Other sets from 2/6 to 35/-. These prices do not apply in the I.F.S.

Gillette — MARK

OF ALL DEALERS — MADE IN ENGLAND

DEFIANT SAX—the talk of the Town! 50/- doesn't make YOU owner of this silver-plated saxophone outfit. Details from HERST'S, LTD., 20, Manchester Street, LIVERPOOL.

THE reliability of Bush Superhets is renowned. The models illustrated on p. 13 can be obtained for a few shillings a week. Fill in coupon at once for full details of these models and send to Bush Radio, Ltd., Dept. J.B.137, Power Road, Chiswick, London, W.4.

TWELVE records Free! This is no catch! With every purchase of a Dozen all-wave Radiogram 6/6, at 10 gns., you get twelve records free. Get free particulars of this excellent model and this record offer. Fill in the coupon at once on page 34.

FIX the new Aerialite aerial wire to your pet and you will get better results. No insulators needed. If your dealer cannot supply, obtain direct, post free, from Aerialite, Ltd., Castle Works, Stalybridge, Cheshire. See p. 27.

HEAR what you want—when you want it—on a gramophone record! Regal Zonophone records can be obtained at 1/6 each. Send for latest list from Regal Zonophone, 195, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Mention *John Bull* when writing. See page 28.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Grand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive cure by removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 1½d. stamps for details.—Midyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

FREE! Generous sample of CHALLENGER Brand SUPERSPERO Tablets. Unequalled for Headaches, Insomnia, Nerves, Period Pains, etc. Send 1½d. stamps to Dept. A., The People's Pharmacy, Ltd., Brighton.

GREY HAIR AND PREMATURE BALDNESS Can hamper you. Don't let Hair troubles let you down. HAIRALO restores strength and colour to thinning, greying Hair, arrests Dandruff and promotes growth. Definitely a Tonic. Not a Dye. Post Free 2/6. — CROSBIE CO., 138, POWNES STREET, DUBLIN.

A SPENCER Maternity Belt is individually designed for the wearer to relieve back strain, headache and nausea. Write, mentioning John Bull, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Rd., Banbury, Oxon., for free Booklet. See p. 26.

FREE to sufferers from Lax and Circulatory Troubles! Sample of Elasto and copy of a special free booklet. Fill in coupon on p. 41.

EVERY man and woman should get a free copy of a most helpful and informative booklet offered by makers of Iron Jelloids. Fill in coupon on p. 31 or write, mentioning John Bull, to Iron Jelloid Co. (Dept. J31), Watford, Herts.

SUFFERERS from Backache and Kidney trouble can obtain a valuable free booklet from Cystogenin (Dept. J.B.33), Genatosan, Ltd., Loughborough, Leics. See page 42.

IF constipated, try Dr. Scott's brand bilious and liver pills. Trial size 6d. From all chemists, or 7½d. post free, from W. Lambert & Co., Ltd., Dept. 12, 258, Euston Road, London, N.W.1. See page 39.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POST FREE.—Have you tried Mason's famous Wine Essences—Ginger, Grape, Black Currant? Wonderful flavours. Real old-fashioned quality. Three-bottle case sent free, each bottle containing sufficient Essence to make full-sized bottle of high-class wine. Send 6d. stamps. Dept. 112, NEWHALL & MASON, LTD., NOTTINGHAM.

SEND 1d. p.c. to Dept. C.E.37, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., Cocoa Works, York, for free copy of Gift Book & voucher worth 3 coupons. See p. 36.

FREE.—Pennings' Every Mother's Book—Write, mentioning John Bull, to Alfred Pennings, Covers, I.W. See page 37.

THE N.S.P.C.C. invite your assistance and help in the prevention of unnecessary suffering among defenceless little children—work towards which all sympathetic hearts should turn at this time of good will to others. Send a Christmas donation to William J. Elliott, O.B.E., Director, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2. Mention John Bull when writing. See p. 34.

ACCEPT this free Test. Are you going grey? Evan Williams' TUNISIAN henna safely colours grey hair. Send the firm a cutting from the greyest part of your hair and they will treat this with the correct shade of TUNISIAN henna to show the actual effect. No charge or obligation is incurred. Send at once to the Evan Williams Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex, or fill in the coupon in the special announcement on page 27.

SEND for this special free booklet, "The Truth about our Wines." Fill in the coupon on page 14. It will bring you a copy of a free booklet issued by Whiteway's—the name everyone knows—and whose British wines are pure and healthful and are approved by the Royal Institute of Public Health and Hygiene. The booklet contains illustrations in beautiful colours. Every *John Bull* reader should get a copy. Fill in the coupon now, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Whiteway's Cyder Co., Ltd., Whimple, Devon.

THE GREAT PROBLEM OF THE MOMENT.
THE pleasure which a gift brings is so much greater when the present is one that is really acceptable and a little extra care and thought in selecting gifts will ensure that there are no disappointments. For instance, Cigarettes cannot fail to be appreciated, and the extensive and attractive range of packings containing their famous brands introduced by Messrs. W. D. & H. O. Wills are certain to be in great demand. The beautiful Oak Cabinets which have made such a wide appeal in previous years are again available in the following sizes to contain either "Gold Flake" "Special" or "Capstan" Special Cigarettes:—

Oak Cabinet containing 50 Cigarettes to retail at 3/10; Oak Cabinet containing 100 Cigarettes to retail at 6/6; Oak Cabinet containing 150 Cigarettes to retail at 9/6.

The 100's Oak Cabinet is also supplied containing "Three Castles" Cigarettes at the price of 8/-.

The ever popular "Gold Flake" and "Capstan" Cigarettes (50's and 100's boxes and tins) and "Three Castles" Cigarettes (50's and 100's boxes) are enclosed in handsome Christmas cartons at no extra charge.

The 150's tins containing "Gold Flake" or "Capstan" Cigarettes at the price of 7/3 are lines of special interest.

The world-famous "Woodbine" and "Star" (Plain and Cork Tipped) Cigarettes are also put up in attractive Greetings cartons containing four 10's, at a cost of 2/-.

In Cigars, Messrs. Wills offer a selection which should make a wide appeal. The range includes such well-known names as "Embassy," "Legation," "Ralph," "Ivanhoe" and "Willi's Whiffs," the 12's tin and the 25's box of the last names being enclosed in special Christmas cartons.

SAVE MEN SHOPPING.
One of the keys of Christmas for men is that many of the gifts they receive are of the ensemble-cum-surprise order. They are not meant for immediate consumption but as a reserve against occasion. They save men shopping for weeks or months to come; and that is counted as something to the good, for men, being "seriously planned," do not revel in shopping like their womenfolk.

Such a gift comes in a gaily-decorated casket from a famous soapmaking house. It contains four tablets of the well-known complexion soap, Knight's Castile, flanking a new type of sponge with the summer-invoking title of "Sea Foam," and virtues all its own, for it combines the properties of face-cloth and sponge, is highly pleasant in use and long-lasting. The outfit costs 1/6 and it will keep a man well-provided saponaceously for a long time. And a woman, too, for that matter.

THE CONDIMENTS OF THE SEASON.
When Christmas shopping time arrives and you're looking for some attractive novelty to take home. Why not take the "Condiments of the Season" home with you? This is the title of the compact set of four delicious and well-known Condiments—"H.P." Tomato Ketchup, Heinz Worcester Sauce, Pikanto and the famous H.P. Sauce—all packed in a gay card-board satchel of pleasing design. The set is easy to carry, even if you have other parcels, and you get it all for 2/-.

It is hardly necessary to remind you how good all H.P. Products are: their fine quality is common knowledge. But if by any chance you have never tried them, here is an ideal opportunity to sample some of their variety at small cost. But there's no need to wait until Christmas; any day when you're out shopping is a good day to take home this delightful trio of good value and delicious flavour.

YOUR GIFT TO A SMOKER. — Remember when parcels are first unwrapped people say "It's the THOUGHT I appreciate always." Later on they know how MUCH thought and trust in choosing cigars as a gift put your trust in the "accepted" brands. It's wiser!

The new straight "Marcella"—known as "Marcellas" Chicos—are much in demand today. The attractive pack containing 12 sells at 6d. as also, now, does the original torpedo-shaped "Marcella" in the dozen tin box of "Criterion Junioors," in the dozen tin box of 10, are an acceptable "quality" product at half-a-crown. "Marcella Whiffs," too (in the new 2/- tin of 25), find increasing favour with men.

The old favourite "Waverley" Cigarettes in 50's are most attractive this year wrapped in artistically printed cellophane and the cover on the 50 box of "Rhodian" No. 2 is equally reasonable. These wrappings are moisture proof. The special Christmas outer packings are by Varsity, "Filter Tip" in 50's, "Rhodian" No. 3 in 30's, and to be had this year for "Straight Cut Virginia" in 100's. Gift choosing should be pleasant indeed.

Continuing—Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier

A Very Queer Cult

FROM a house at the end of a drive in Eastern Avenue, East Finchley (North London), there hangs an illuminated sign announcing that here is the "United Sanctuary of the New Day."

Closer examination reveals a further description. "A Practical Religion for Practical People of all Classes, Races, Creeds or Colours."

Now until recently Eastern Avenue was a quiet and highly respectable residential district. It is a thoroughfare containing very good houses requiring substantial income for their upkeep.

But since it has housed the "United Sanctuary of the New Day" quiet has vanished from the neighbourhood and given place to noise and confusion, with mysterious imprecations and incantations disturbing an atmosphere which was otherwise always tranquil on Sunday afternoons and in the evening hour.

Now the present occupier of the house—seven is its number in the avenue—is one Horace Sydney Hambling. Although the property actually belongs to a friend who gave him access to it for his cult.

Hambling until recently was in the advertising business, but at the moment he concerns himself with presumably other things. He introduces his followers to life in another world. It is unquestionably a very noisy introduction.

At all times of the day, and more especially on Sundays, the house resounds with singing, howling, the blare of trumpets, sounds made on reed instruments, shrill whistling, weird calls ordinarily associated with forest and prairie, and strange gramophone records.

The whole cacophony is made the more eerie and even terrifying by intervals of uncanny silence.

Local residents have made numerous complaints in regard to the nuisance. Recently a deputation went to Hornsey Town Hall demanding that peace be restored to Eastern Avenue.

Hambling remains unmoved by ever increasing protest, for he maintains he is no longer an ordinary "earthly man," and that the real occupant of Number 7 is an elusive spirit, known to the scores of frequenters of the Sanctuary as "Moon Trail."

"Moon Trail," declares Hambling, was 50 years ago a chief of the Sioux Indians in the region of Saskatoon in Canada

In mystic circumstances the spirit of the dead chief got into touch with this self-advertising agent, commanding him to found the Sanctuary of the New Day, and thereafter to be his leader on earth, to obey his precepts at all times.

Hambling raised money by the organising of lectures and seances, in which he went into apparent trances. He obtained a following.

The actual sanctuary (there are also meditation rooms and a clinic decorated in a scheme of blue) is to be found in the drawing-room of the house. A picture of "Moon Trail" under a lighted cross dominates the scene.

Hambling says that the mystic cross came mysteriously to earth one night when he was in a trance—a gift from "Moon Trail" himself.

When the local authorities approached him in regard to the noise and confusion which takes place during meetings of the members of the cult, Hambling explained he was helpless in the matter, for when "Moon Trail" appeared to him in a vision he was just a slave and obliged to do exactly as he was told.

He even went on to say that on occasions when he had mentioned complaints to the dead spirit, "Moon Trail" had straightly ordered him to take no notice of earthly protests.

* * *

At an ordinary seance Hambling sits in a chair, mumbles incoherently, lifts his closed eyes to the ceiling. His wife, who invariably sits by his side, grasps his hand to ensure swift contact with "Moon Trail."

At the appropriate moment both look blindly into the air and the room is brilliantly floodlit. Then follow instructions as to whoops, cries, wailings, and the like required by the departed spirit of "Moon Trail" speaking from the grave in distant Saskatoon, where his material body was interred in 1617. In accordance with the ghostly wish pandemonium ensues to the intensity required by "Moon Trail" at that particular hour. Sometimes he requires an outburst of noise in the middle of the night, sometimes an even louder catcall at mid-day.

But for the most part the spirit favours Sundays for his triumphal hullabaloo—presumably because more of the faithful are present in the Sanctuary on the Day of Rest.

I am not concerned with the poor, misguided people who support Hambling in his farrago of nonsense about the mysterious Sioux chieftain, Moon Trail.

I do take grave exception to the fact that law-abiding, hard-worked citizens should be deprived of peace and quiet in their own homes by what appears to me to be a intolerable nuisance.

The mysterious "Moon Trail" finds a most competent earthly spokesman in Horace S. Hambling, ex-advertising agent

Dreadful War-horse Scandal

ON the Continent there has been discovered a shocking animal scandal, which most people believed was stamped out long ago.

Investigations carried out by a British society has revealed that there are still over 2,000 old British war horses, veterans of Mons, Loos, Ypres, and St. Quentin, ending their days half-starved in Belgium.

When these animals left England they were the pride of the British Army. After the end of hostilities they were sold by the British authorities and fell into the hands of owners who worked them under conditions which would not be tolerated in this country.

So far, this society, which only a year ago took up their rescue work, has succeeded in tracing and buying from their Belgian owners nearly 800 of these unfortunate creatures.

* * *

Animals twenty-five years of age and over, blind, half-starved, diseased and lame were being compelled to do work quite beyond their physical capacity. The conditions under which many of them were living were appalling. "One mule," investigators reported, "was found in a lean-to shed, the better half of which housed a cow.

"The half where this animal lived was such that it could not raise its head without banging it on the woodwork, which was old and rotten, and was in an indescribably filthy condition."

Other equally bad cases were seen. One neglected animal was observed being made to haul a heavy team cart used for carrying stone. The cart had two solid wheels banded by iron, and was originally designed for two horses.

* * *

The wretched animal actually collapsed when drawing a load considerably over two tons.

Investigators have also attended several Belgian markets and have purchased a number of suffering animals.

In order to make their rescue work more efficient, the society has now established at Brussels special stables with accommodation for forty horses.

Here animals for which hope is past have a few days' happiness before being destroyed. The more fortunate are treated there and then brought back to England to end their days as "old gentlemen" on approved country estates.

Years ago the British Government promised to end this scandal. Will it look into the matter now?

You have been warned . .

Dorothy Hutt . . 'led away'

Shoal of Sharks Returns

BETWEEN two and three years ago a very persistent and cruel type of fraud, which is universally known in official circles as the "Employment Fraud," was temporarily abandoned by swindlers.

This was because judges, in a determined effort to stamp it out altogether, systematically inflicted the heaviest possible sentences in every case which came before them.

For some considerable time now, however, prosecutions arising from swindles of this type have grown more and more rare, and that is why I want everyone to know that these employment frauds are once again creeping steadily to the fore.

Evidence to this effect is reaching me from all parts. Mr. Cecil Whiteley, the Common Serjeant at the Old Bailey, when told a fortnight ago by a police officer that employment ramps were rife again, remarked that he used to spend hours trying this class of case, and was glad they had died out, partly for a time at least, owing to the long sentences imposed.

Just now a number of crooks are opening up spurious businesses in different parts of the country and inducing men and women to invest money with them on glowing promises of employment.

In one case a man who gave the name of Hope (an alias, I have no doubt) took a series of offices in provincial towns and advertised in local papers for managers. He told applicants that he was concerned with a big scheme for putting "cafés on wheels"—a kind of modernised coffee-stall—on the roads, and he promised to put suitable employees in charge of them.

Obtaining, in one alias or another, sums from applicants as "security," he vanished from one town to another, just to repeat his trickery in another name.

Frank Allwood, described as a valuer, who ran an "employment" concern in Holborn, London, called Hayward, Vincent and Co. (against which I advised enquiring readers nearly a year ago), was recently sent to prison.

Allwood was closely associated with a notorious rogue named John, otherwise Percy Harrison, about whom I have a large dossier of complaints.

On numerous occasions Harrison, who is one of the greatest "employment" promoters known, has been exposed in JOHN BULL, and I devoted space to some of his latest frauds as recently as June last.

Following a police visit to this office for information, which I naturally always gladly give if I can, he has just been run to earth, and is now beginning a sentence of three years' penal servitude.

How unscrupulous these rogues can be is further illustrated in the sad case of a seventeen-year-old girl named Dorothy Hutt, who was bound over at Lewes Assizes only last week on the condition "that she ceased to associate with a member of a criminal gang."

Saying that she was only a baby, and had been led away, the judge was told how she had been introduced to a man who was sentenced recently at the Old Bailey.

* * *

That man was John Harrison!

If readers would only take fuller advantage of the advice I am always so ready to give, either by post or in these columns, these "employment specialists" would find far fewer victims upon whom to impose.

One final word—*do not invest money in return for any job without first getting expert advice.*

The family's Lifeguard - GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP!

DON'T LET A COLD SPOIL THE FUN THIS XMAS !

When coughs and colds threaten your jollity, fetch the bottle of Galloway's Cough Syrup. A single dose—and you can feel its warming glow soothing and curing your cold. You feel better at once, because this famous old remedy goes straight to the spot. In double-quick time it drives out the most stubborn Winter ill.

Wise mothers keep a bottle handy throughout the danger months. They know it is *all* the family's lifeguard. Equally safe for Baby and Grandma. Equally good in all cases of Coughs, Colds, 'Flu, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough and similar ills. Remember to put a bottle of Galloway's Cough Syrup on your Shopping List!

1/3 & 2/6 Per Bottle

WILL CURE IN HALF THE TIME

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

The National Remedy

Obtainable from Chemists and Stores everywhere.

P. H. GALLOWAY LTD.,
QUALIFIED CHEMISTS, LONDON, S.E.17.

A John Bull Investigator Sees for Himself

How Broken Lives are Mended

"You've got to get down to the real trouble and help to overcome it"

TAKE Solomon's wisdom, Job's patience, the Good Samaritan's kindness. Add the shrewdness of a detective, the tact of a diplomat—and you have the recipe for a probation officer.

Watch the medley of cases that stream into his office from the police court and you'll learn more of human nature in a day than you would by reading a hundred novels.

The opportunity, most likely, will never come your way, for his work is done in the strictest privacy. But, so that you should know how broken lives are being mended, young people saved from careers of crime, marriages reclaimed from misery, I have been privileged to watch on your behalf.

The court I visited was a busy one in a great city; the officer whose shadow I became was a youngish, cheery, well-dressed man whom I shall call Mr. Mender.

First he dealt with the matrimonial cases. Into his quiet room strode a young fellow whose expression implied that he would stand no nonsense.

At once he began to bluster—he had a right to do as he pleased with his own money, if his wife wanted a separation order she'd better have one, and so on.

Mr. Mender listened and said nothing. The young man's angry voice went on while I read his wife's complaint.

Married two years. Year-old baby. Husband, a salesman; £2 15s. wages, commission brings income to £3 10s., £4, even £5 in good week. He gives her £2 10s. to pay rent, food, insurance, furniture and wireless hire purchase.

For months he has been drinking heavily, has pawned her clothes and ring. Has now left him and is living at her mother's with the baby. . . .

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The probation officer's voice made me look up. "I don't know," he was saying briskly, "if you'd like to see the child occasionally? If so, I'll see that arrangements are made."

A change went over the husband's face. He swallowed, looked suddenly younger even than his twenty-three years. "I'm very fond of the kid," he muttered.

Mr. Mender's tone changed also. "Do you want this separation order?"

The young man obviously did not. His manner as well as his words showed that he wanted to lose neither wife nor child. He admitted being at fault.

But business had been bad lately, a fact which his wife could not believe, and he drank to forget his troubles.

"I happen to know," said Mr. Mender quietly, "that your wife will come back to you and withdraw the summons if you promise to knock off the drink. You will? Right.

"I'll talk to her about the money difficulty. Then, suppose she comes here one evening to talk it over with you?"

So, with a little friendly counsel, a happier man left the office. Next came a woman of forty who had resumed work six years ago against her husband's wishes, and for the last twelve months had been living with their three children at her sister's house to be nearer her job.

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She would not give up work because her husband's wages were low, and complained that lately he had refused to contribute to the youngsters' support.

The probation officer pointed out that the man was deprived of home comforts, had lost his children, and was now prepared to let her continue at work if she would return to him. After half an hour another wrecked marriage had been adjusted.

"Lectures and pi-jaw never do any good," said Mr. Mender to me.

"You've got to get down to the real trouble and be able to make constructive proposals to overcome it.

"Something to relieve the wife's boredom that is making her neglect the home, or something interesting enough to take the husband away from undesirable friends.

"You may find she will be completely changed by going to cookery or needlework classes once a week, while he is equally happy making things for the home in a woodwork class.

"It isn't often so easy as that, of course. The great majority of matrimonial cases that come here are really due either to economic or sexual troubles."

A legitimate complaint against some courts is that married couples are deterred from taking out summonses and persuaded to agree to reconciliations that have no hope of permanency.

Mr. Mender and the court he serves, fortunately, have better sense.

He takes no action until a summons has been granted. Then he writes to the defendant, telling him to expect the summons (just to soften the blow), and asking if he can be of any assistance.

Generally his offer is accepted and he sees both parties. But only if he is satisfied that they are still fond of each other does he attempt to mediate.

As a final example of this side of his work, let me report a case which seemed to hold no promise of a happy ending.

A man in the middle twenties was accused of cruelty. He had married a widow who had a child of seven, and several times had assaulted them. The climax came when he turned his wife and the little girl into the street in their night clothes.

After tactful questioning, he admitted to the probation officer that his temper was becoming ungovernable; the last thing he wanted was to be separated from his wife.

He grasped the suggestion of a consultation with a psychologist friend of Mr. Mender as a hungry man might snatch a crust, and he left with an assurance that his wife would be asked to suspend the proceedings.

Turn to the criminal side.

The greater proportion of the 239 male offenders whose records I saw are youths. But not all. One visitor greeted by Mr. Mender's assistant—there was a handshake for them all—was a man nearing sixty, whose probation ends soon.

An old lag with twenty-odd convictions, he has been going straight for a year.

For a time it appeared that he would prove a failure. He threw up job after job on the plea that the work was too heavy for his weak back, though the officer privately suspects him of being as strong as a horse.

Then a light job was found for him in a country hotel. He has been there for months and is a different man. He is planning to get married.

Another visitor was a man of thirty-three who arrived in a fine car—his own. Jailed for giving away his employer's goods to the poor, still on probation for a similar offence, this Robin Hood now holds an £800-a-year post and devotes his leisure to charitable work.

I saw cases, quite as diverse, being handled by the two women officers who take charge of woman and girl offenders.

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Housewives who, tempted by tallymen to incur debts of which their husbands were ignorant, had turned shoplifters. Women of the streets. Girl pilferers who were being given jobs as waitresses or laundresses.

A little drab, elderly widow, like a shabby and lonely mouse, was brought into the dock as an habitual drunkard. She refused indignantly to enter an inebriates' home, but agreed to move to a district where she would not meet her old cronies.

"If the neighbours see me driving up regularly to see you, they'll start talking," remarked the officer; "so come along to my house occasionally for a cup of tea and a cigarette."

But I should be presenting a false picture if I suggested that an excess of kindness is lavished upon probationers.

Those who ignore the chance to become useful citizens incur the trouble they invite.

And perhaps the best snapshot of the whole system is the simple fact that about 80 per cent. of its subjects go straight and keep straight.

Not from the B.B.C.

Kilts for Cutie

THERE'S a music in the flutter of a skirt,
Which e'en to those not musical appeals;
And, though wed and full of meekness,
I confess I have a weakness
For the glimpses of an ankle it reveals!
I wonder would such admiration wilt
At the vision of a lovely in a kilt?

The petticoat has melody as well
For ears that know the rhythm of its swish;
Yet there're lassies born to wear 'em
Who, it seems, no more can bear 'em,
And, in Aberdeen, have notified their wish
The rustle of such fal-de-lals to jilt
In favour of the waggle of the kilt!

And not since an Aberdonian crossed the palm of a taxi-driver with silver has such an unpleasant sensation been caused!

Indeed, the demand of certain gawky lassies that they should be admitted to the Kilt Society was received with curmurring and rejected with muckle scorn. Women's legs, it was explained, are too long between ankle and knee to

Rejected with muckle scorn

allow them to display the kilt with dignity.

Although she has at sundry times shortened her hair, compressed her hips, changed the position of her waist and diminished her feet, it is doubtful if she could shorten her legs to make them harmonise with the kilt.

One opponent of the feminine kilt cult angrily declared that women "would almost dare to strut about in the costume of Eve." Let us hope, though, that they would be patriotic enough to wear a sporran instead of fig-leaves.

To a Sassenach it looks too much like a Japanese general condemning gangsters when women are condemned for immodesty by clansmen who parade the boulevards of Aberdeen showing off their legs like Tiller Girls. Scots, however, think otherwise:

Although we choose to bare our knees,
We hae nae shame for a' that!
When round our calves we feel the breeze,
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that!
We dinna care for a' that!
A Scot, although he's clad in skirts,
Is still a man for a' that!

A Sassenach who dressed like this
Would seem a gowk for a' that;
And might be rudely hailed as "Sis,"
But na a Scot for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
There's Modesty for a' that!
When giglets dare the kilt to wear
'Twill be guid-bye to a' that!

Y. Z.

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What I'd Tell the World

"What a comment on civilisation," says Dr. W. R. Matthews, Dean of St. Paul's, "that, though science has enabled the nations to get into closer contact than ever before, our first thought is that our neighbours may want to come and drop bombs on us!"

No one can remain unmoved by the clear and forceful reasoning of this article by a great Churchman and leader of modern thought.

"The real tragedy is that, though we have been brought together by science, our minds remain strangers"—that is the keynote of a message for all during this season of good-will.

By Dr. W. R. Matthews

Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral

SUPPOSE that I could speak to the whole human race, so that all could understand my words. What would I say?

Given a quarter of an hour, during which every living human being must listen to me and could hear me speak, as on the Day of Pentecost, in their own tongues, how would I use it?

I sit in my quiet study in the centre of London and try to envisage the problem.

I think first of the civilised nations of Europe, so like one another in their conditions of life and their culture, and yet so different in their traditions and outlook—the French, the Germans, the Russians, the Scandinavians, the Balkan peoples.

My mind ranges across the Atlantic to the great nation which speaks the same language as I, but thinks so differently.

Then I remember the teeming populations of the East — the peoples of India and China, each with an ancient civilisation so radically strange to mine, with great religions which are not mine, with thoughts which I cannot fully comprehend.

I pass on to the uncivilised races —to the men who are just emerging from barbarism and meeting the shock of our Western ideas and science.

When I let my imagination play on the world of men and women as it exists to-day, the first quite overwhelming impression that I have is of its inconceivable diversity and variety. What could one possibly say to all these people?

It would be futile to suppose that I could convert them all to Christianity, or explain what I mean by democracy and liberty. I am inclined to give it up in despair—where is one to begin?

One Brotherhood

And then there comes into my mind a saying of St. Paul: "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

He said this when he was facing a mixed and cosmopolitan crowd in Athens.

He was not daunted by their differences from one another and from himself. He saw that there was a truth more important than the distinction between nations and races—the unity of the human race.

He was going on to invite his hearers to enter a brotherhood of believers in God and Christ, but he began by emphasising the fact that they were brothers already, since they shared a common humanity.

Is not this, after all, the vitally necessary thing to say now? Is not this the proper place to begin? Is not this the truth which we need to grasp and act upon?

I should have no difficulty in making my hearers understand what I meant, because, in most cases, I could point to the teaching of the greatest thinkers and religious leaders of their own races.

Of course, religion has often been linked with the feelings of race-domination and even race-hatred. But the seers and saints have risen above these prejudices.

The Hebrew prophets said to their own fellow-countrymen, "You think you are the chosen people, and so you are, but you are chosen for service. God wants all nations in his Kingdom."

Buddha believed that all men could follow his path to salvation. Unhappily, the religions of India are associated with the old caste system, but the deepest philosophy of India agrees that all men are bound together by a common nature.

We do not need to say anything about Christianity, though we could say a great deal about the way in which Christians have misunderstood their Master.

Unity of Man

When Jesus said, "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden," can anyone suppose that He meant to exclude some races, or that the invitation was not intended for all?

The fact is that, when we give ourselves time to think, we can see clearly enough that humanity is one, and that this truth is more fundamental than our differences and divisions.

We have the same needs. As Shylock pointed out, with reference to the Jews, they have the same feelings as Gentiles, and their joys and sorrows are identical.

But we can go deeper than feelings. The old Greek philosophers thought that "reason" was the most god-like faculty in men and was the same in all. Were they wrong?

It is true that we have various opinions on many subjects, and our conclusions and beliefs are not all alike, but we can argue with one another, we can try to persuade one another.

We all appeal to reason, and take for granted that, because a man is human, if you can get him to listen to argument and consider it, he may be led to see the truth.

I believe we do not greatly differ in respect of conscience. We are often told that the ideas of what is meant by goodness are so numerous and so divergent that we cannot hope for any agreement on the subject.

Superficially that is true, but, if we take the great men of every race and religion, the prophets, we shall find a surprising unanimity among them.

They all condemn selfishness and greed, and they all honour compassion, mercy, gentleness and fellow-feeling as the highest human qualities. The deepest conscience of mankind is not divided.

"The world is what it is because of the thoughts of those who live in it"

Humanity is one, as St. Paul said. Now take a look at the world as it is to-day.

Is not the most obvious truth about it that everywhere men are thinking and acting as if this were false? The unity of mankind is denied in practice.

The most alarming feature of the situation is the growth of an intolerant and exclusive nationalism. All over the world the dominant sections of society are proclaiming, "We are the people: ours is the chosen race: nothing matters except our power and our dignity."

The doctrine of "sacred egoism" for nations is accepted as a gospel. Or, if this is not the case, too often the same state of mind is transferred to classes, and we act on the assumption that nothing matters except the interests of one class, whatever it may be.

If this kind of outlook prevails it must lead, sooner or later, to disaster, because it is based upon a lie.

If we try to build civilisation on an illusion it will fall, like the house founded on the sands, of which Jesus spoke.

Truth and reality, in the long run, have their revenge on those who shut their eyes to them. We either fulfil our destiny or are destroyed.

False Doctrine

And the truth is that "God has made of one all men to dwell on all the face of the earth."

The modern scientific world has become united in a material way. Communication is easy and will become easier. Before long, no human being will be remote from the rest of the race.

But the tragedy is that, though we have been brought together by science, our minds remain strangers. We have not kept pace in our thoughts with the opportunities of progress.

What a sad comment on the condition of the civilised world that, when we are told that other nations can get at us quite easily, our first thought is that they may get at us to drop bombs!

Few people would be foolish enough to want to abolish nations altogether, or to ignore the differences between races.

Nothing would induce me to leave off being proud that I am an Englishman, but I hope that nothing would persuade me to forget that I am first of all a man and my first duty is to humanity.

I have a right to be proud of my country, in so far as it contributes to the well-being of mankind.

We can see a purpose in history; not one which is being worked out by God whether we will or no, but one which depends on our co-operation.

To Disruption

The human race is intended to realise its unity, and to express it in social life. We have been given the earth.

If we dealt with the problem of making a worthy and dignified existence possible for all as partners in a great enterprise, and as one in which every nation is concerned, we could do wonders in a generation.

But so long as we live in our own houses like suspicious neighbours, scowling over the garden wall at each other, we shall get deeper into the slough of despond until we all perish.

We are travelling to disruption—somehow we have got to reverse the engines.

My broadcast is nearly finished, but my imaginary listeners are saying, no doubt, "How can this affect me? What can I do about it? I can't reverse the engine of world history."

My last word will be to remind you of the power of thought. The world is what it is because of the thoughts of the men and women who live in it.

Every changed mind, to some extent, changes the world and its future. So I would venture to say to you, "Don't depreciate yourself; don't imagine what you think has no importance.

"Make an effort to rise above the foolish prejudices which divide us; think of humanity as one.

"In the words of a great German thinker, 'Treat humanity, whether in yourselves or in others, always as an end and never only as a means.'"

Marching Songs of Time

Ridicule and humour in popular songs of the day have played a large part in our national history. Our joys and sorrows have been immortalised in pantomime and music-hall ditties. It is characteristic of the nation that even in times of greatest adversity we can laugh at our own misfortunes.

ME marches on with a song on its lips. Every age, and the great events that mark it, ad its signature tunes—es that linger, bringing nemories with a jingle of and a catchy phrase of

in above all nations has her history in song, met ubles with a tune.

the season of pantomimes time when song-writers ll voice to their talent for ing—and sometimes solv-e nation's greatest prob- words and music.

national grouches have noothed away by satirical put into the mouths of the Twankey and Mrs. Robin-usoe than by possibly any medium. In short, they een laughed away.

the Great War. Other sang dirges with a dis-se of reality. Those reali-re not lost on us in our t of grim trial, but we did ear our hearts on our

e darkest hours we sang, the bright side inside out boys come home." Yet we oo well, that many would return.

the Armistice the spectre mployment began to be-come the menace that continues to cause so much misery.

We realised, and still do, its horrors, but for us no tears. Our national genius for looking on the cheerful side expressed itself once more. Let America wring its heart with "Buddy, can you spare a dime?" and "Remember my Forgotten Man."

But not for Britain. Our songs guyed the dole, its strange anomalies, gave the sufferers lighter hearts to face their hardships.

When our men came back from the front to take their places in the dole queues they sang, "My captain's working for me now." Later they were whistling, "You're far better off when you're dead."

We owe much of our prosperity today to those tragi-comic jingles that gave the working man courage to return from Flanders to begin a new and more terrible war—and win it.

What will give us the signature tune of 1938? Dictators, perhaps. Certainly, the Nosey Parker Bill.

The Nosey Parker Bill—the Population Statistics Bill, to give it its full title—seeks to give registrars of births, deaths and marriages the right to ask questions of a far more intimate nature than those at present necessary for the recording of certificates.

Above all things the British citizen resents is to have officials prying into his private life.

So the Widow Twankey and Mrs. Crusoe will be busy this Christmas voicing national disgust at this measure. They will not treat it seriously. Oh, no! Laughter is a more deadly weapon.

And now let's look back at the march of time in music. We'll begin just over eighty years ago.

1854—1885

Britain's troops are fighting in the frozen hell of the Crimea. The dread scourge of cholera is killing more men than bullets. Florence Nightingale and her heroic little band of women helpers defying tradition and bigoted opposition, are at the front succouring the wounded.

And the song they are singing at the front and at home is "The Midshipmite," a pathetic little ballad that has the essence of courage hidden in its bathos.

Twenty-four years later Russian armies are sweeping through the Balkans on their way to Constantinople.

Turkey seems doomed to expulsion from Europe. But Britain has a determined foreign policy, and demands that Russian aggression be checked at once.

The national spirit becomes bellicose, expresses itself in a jingle that gives a new word to the language—"Jingoism." Remember the song?—

"We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do,
"We've got the men, and we've got the ships,
And we've got the money, too. . . ."

Then, in 1885, the nation is horror-struck by the assassination of General Gordon at Khartoum.

Grief finds a bitter reaction in the ballad, "Too late, too late to save him," a song which makes Gladstone one of the most hated men in the land for a time.

1890—1900

The gay 'nineties dawn with a spate of inventions and discoveries that are to revolutionise everyday life.

Bicycling is the craze that most catches public fancy. The possession of a tandem becomes a social advantage. And the tune is:—

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do,
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you.
It won't be a stylish marriage,
For I can't afford a carriage.
But you'll look sweet, upon the seat
Of a bicycle made for two.

Then startling experiments are made with heavier-than-air flying machines. Ten thousand barrel organs re-echo:—

Oh, Dorothy, Dorothy Dean,
Oh, Dorothy, what can she mean?
She's suddenly flown, to regions unknown,
Along with a man in his flying machine.

Eighteen eighty-seven and Queen Victoria, now in her declining years, spends much time at Osborne House in the Isle of Wight.

Not far away the great Marconi is experimenting with wireless telegraphy and, to the intense astonishment of the aged Queen, is able to send a message from Osborne to the Prince of Wales' yacht at Cowes.

The music-halls commemorate this momentous event:—

Off went the wireless telegram
To the Foreland, the Nor'land,
As well as to West Ham,
Climb'd the Eiffel Tower,
Up in Gay Paree,
Settled on the lightships,
Out at sea.

Within a year gl
ployed in telegrap
remarkable innova
the song:—

This up-to-date v
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graph clock, h
remark.
She just takes do
piece of paper
Oh, tick, tock, C
another bit of
graph clerk.

By now motor-c
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But every minute,
He'd have to get

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Can you pick the songs to fit these pictures? Set yourself a time limit of two minutes, then check your results with the answers at the foot of the last column.

Time

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lightships,

Within a year girls are being employed in telegraph offices. It is a remarkable innovation, and calls for the song:—

This up-to-date young girl, at the instruments sits daily.
O, at the tick, tick, tock of the telegraph clock, her smile you may remark.
She just takes down the wire on a piece of paper gaily.
Oh, tick, tock, Oh, what a lark, another bit of fun for the telegraph clerk.

By now motor-cars are allowed to travel on the public highway without being preceded by a man carrying a red flag or red lantern.

The first cars are dizzy affairs with enormous wheels that lift the chassis high in the air like a dogcart. No one regards them very seriously, and the song mirrors the public attitude:

He'd have to get out and get under to fix his little machine.
He was just dying to cuddle his queen;
But every minute, when he'd begin it,
He'd have to get out and get under.

As the century draws to its close, the nation's imagination is stirred by Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897.

Pride of race is voiced in the late Leslie Stuart's immortal march, "The Soldiers of the Queen," the quintessence of patriotism.

But humour must be found somewhere even in the moment of rejoicing. So they sang, "Oh, the Jubilee, the Jubilee, will be the death of me."

Then, two years later, Britain is at war with the Boers. This trial of arms is not taken very seriously until the Black Week of December shows us it is going to be no walk-over.

Rudyard Kipling rouses the people with:—

Cook's son, Duke's son, son of a millionaire,
Son of a Lambeth publican, it's all the same out there.

As each contingent of reinforcements leaves Southampton the quayside is thronged with men and women singing lustily:—

Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you,
Though it breaks my heart to go.
Something tells me I am needed
At the front to fight the foe. . . .

Continental holidays are becoming the vogue. Monte Carlo is considered a mysterious, rather wicked place inhabited by beautiful international spies and fabulously wealthy Russian Grand Dukes.

"The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" wins Charles Coborn fame that is to last for generations.

The century closes. The Edwardian days are at hand.

1900—1913

King Edward's Coronation in 1902 brings the lyric:—

On Coronation Day, on Coronation Day,
We'll all be merry, drinking whisky, wine and sherry.

At home, the times are robust. Food and drink have a status of their own.

When Harry Champion comes on to sing "Boiled Beef and Carrots," he is always certain of bringing the house down.

The men have come back from South Africa and Britain is getting its first taste of the unemployment problem.

But as yet it is not serious. Just a vehicle for fun.

Gus Elen sings, "If you can't get work, you can't get the sack, that's an argument that don't admit a doubt."

Dancing is only an occasional pleasure—not the daily recreation it is to-day. So point is lent to the song, "After the Ball is Over."

Lord Haldane abolishes the old Volunteers and introduces Territorials. Here is a golden opportunity for the topical song writer.

Since Father joined the Territorials
Ours is a happy little home.
He wakes us up in the middle of the night;
Says we must all be prepared to fight.

Suffragettes, clamouring for votes for women, amaze a man-ruled world by their exploits.

Their agitation is serious and rapidly becoming more grave. But to Britons it could also be a subject for mockery.

Wilkie Bard gives the lead and his song is hummed and whistled everywhere throughout 1913:—

Put me up on an island where the girls are few;
Put me amongst the most ferocious lions in the Zoo;
Put me upon the treadmill and I shall not fret;
But for heaven's sake don't put me near a Suffragette.

Now Vesta Tilley takes the stage, with the song, "The Army of To-day's All Right." Countless music-hall audiences join in the chorus of "All the Nice Girls Love a Sailor."

For soon an army will be marching to battle to the lilt of "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag," and the Navy will begin its four years' vigil in the North Sea.

1914—1918

Never in all our history does our genius for laughter and song emerge to greater advantage than during these years of war.

In the moment of supreme crisis, Britain laughs with George Lashwood as he sings:—

Where are the boys of the village to-night?
Where are the lads we knew?
In Piccadilly? In Leicester Square?
No, not there!

Through the streets of London the Old Contemptibles are marching to battle with the words of Tipperary on their lips, while Germany voices her feelings against us in a special Hymn of Hate. Humorously our Tommies reply with "'Arf a mo', Kaiser," "Winding the Watch on the Rhine," and "When this blessed war is over."

Wives and sweethearts are singing "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

When recruiting sh
falling off it is a song
thousands of waverers

We don't want to lo
think you ought to go,
and your country bot

Alfred Lester, imm
comedian, piteously s
of the slackers: "
mother, my sister an
but for Gawd's sake d

The entrance of Am
war is greeted with, "
Coming," and a lot o
what is happening "

Then the war ends.
world.

Really, you'll hardly
Still, you must take i
Dresses, they say, u
next spring.

The day of wrong n
The sharp, perempto
end of the telephone
the arbiter of our live

Kitty, Kitty, isn't it a
That you're wasting
With your lips close t
When they might be

Then Britain is
More Fruit."

Then, as thousands
and women in shorts
begin their rediscov
countryside, hiking
marching song, "I'
I'm hiking."

Milk bars begin
towns and cities
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Milk Bar" is the ji
pace with the times.

"Swing" music, to
ing the tempo of a
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But it is certain
of 1937 will remain
be hummed by aud
children.

Answers: (1) I
Dorothy Dean, (3)
Clerk, (4) Get Out
(5) Good-bye, Dolly
Upon an Island, (7
I'm Happy When I'

rstandings may
ad to a quarrel
lovers. Here,
ce-maker, in the
f an old street-
n, deftly mends
broken link.

"A figure wrapped in a warm coat appeared at the door and Mr. MacAndrew drew Fergus quickly across the street

street-musician folded the tartan muffler more over his chest and but- his ragged overcoat. One f snow were beginning to tarless night sky.

hinking it'll be a white er all," Fergus muttered, illed hands together.

hort, lean little man with eyes. Fergus called him- st, and took life gallantly

y years since he had seen ils of his native Scotland. ner came round, he re- o north and smell the peat

was, still in London, en- charm the ears of passers- old Scots airs he played

around Christmas yielded harvest of all the seasons, pennies tinkled more fre- s hat as he stood fluting Yet, somehow or other, he ly to-day: perhaps the d sent people hurrying m to their homes.

d along the pavement of uburban street, he jingled ndful of coppers in his and smiled grimly.

was out—so far. . . . But asn't over yet, he told himself, and winked solemnly in the darkness.

Eight o'clock chimed from a church tower, and Fergus quickened his stride. He was late—and to be late for this appointment would be tragic indeed.

On each Christmas Eve for the last three years he had played outside a house at the end of a certain street. Always he had been asked to come in and make music for the folk who sat there at dinner.

They were Scots like himself, and Fergus would go away from that dinner-party with a hunk of rich cake in his pocket and a ten-shilling note in his hand.

To the old street-musician, this Christmas Eve dinner-party—where he received so cordial and profitable a welcome—was the most important fixture of the whole year.

It was a few minutes after half-past eight when he reached the familiar house and went up the garden path.

"What . . . what can be wrong?" He stared at the windows in dismay. The whole place was in darkness. Were the folk away from home? It was certain that no cheerful Christmas Eve party was being held here, and Fergus's heart sank.

He ventured to go round to the side of the house, and he saw a light in one of the rooms. But when he went closer he could hear no sounds of talk and laughter. A dismal silence hung there like a cloud.

"Aweel, there's no harm in trying!" muttered Fergus hopefully, putting the flute to his lips. He wondered what tune he ought to play. And then he remembered.

Always, before he was allowed to depart, the grey-haired gentleman at the head of the table had asked him to play "The Bonny Banks o' Loch Lomond."

It must have been a favourite of his. Ay, that was the one! And, taking a deep breath, Fergus broke into the sweet lilting melody of the old song.

A few minutes later, he saw the back door open, and an elderly maid hurried forward in the darkness.

"Good evéning to ye, ma'am," said Fergus politely, removing his hat.

"The mistress sends her compliments, and will you kindly go away."

"I'm verra sorry, ma'am. Is there—is there sickness in the hoose?"

★ ★ ★

"Oh, no. But that tune you were playing—it upsets the mistress. . . ."

"But her husband!" said Fergus quickly. "He's verra fond of it. These last three years he aye asked me to play it."

"Husband?" The maid seemed startled. "That wasn't Miss Stewart's husband. If you mean the nice grey-haired gentleman, that would be Mr. MacAndrew."

"But he sat at the head of the table," Fergus pointed out.

"Somebody has to sit there! Mr. MacAndrew is just a friend of hers." She hesitated. "At least, he was."

"Oh ay!" Fergus nodded wisely. "There's been a wee bit o' trouble between them, mebbe. That'll be why the lady does nae like 'The Banks o' Loch Lomond'—it was his special favourite."

He gave a long sigh. "Aweel, I'd better be getting away."

"Come into the kitchen and I'll cut you a sandwich," whispered the maid in a kindly tone. "It's a bitter cold night—I can't send you away with empty hands on Christmas Eve."

"Thank ye kindly, ma'am." And Fergus followed her into the warm kitchen and stood heating his hands at the range.

"That tune—it was Miss Stewart's favourite, too," said the maid as she cut the thick slices of bread and butter. "It was at Loch Lomond, in Scotland, she first met Mr. MacAndrew.

★ ★ ★

"Queer thing, two people from the same London street meeting there on holiday. That was the year they first called you in to play a few tunes at the dinner-party on Christmas Eve."

"There's no party this year," remarked Fergus. "Is that because they've had a tiff?"

The maid nodded. "The mistress is sitting in there all alone. It's a pity. Mr. MacAndrew is such a nice gentleman." She dropped her voice confidently and smiled. "Cook thought they might make a match of it. But the time kept passing, and . . ." She completed the sentence with a shrug.

"Marriage is a verra serious thing," said Fergus solemnly. "We Scots folk think well aboot it before we speak! Mebbe all he needed was a wee bit o' encouragement like. Aweel, I hope things will be better by next Christmas. Oh, ay, I'll be back then, if I'm spared. Thank ye kindly, ma'am, for the sangwidges. A happy Christmas to ye."

He had not gone many yards down the street when he heard hurrying footsteps. The elderly maid had run after him. "Come back—you're wanted!"

"Me?" said Fergus in surprise.

"The mistress wants to speak to you. No—she didn't say what it was."

Bewildered, Fergus found himself in the sitting-room. Miss Stewart sat beside the fire. She had pleasant blue eyes, and there were threads of grey in her golden hair. She motioned him over to the hearthrug, and her Scots voice was soft and musical.

"Good-evening to ye, ma'am." Fergus stood twisting his hat awkwardly. "Ye—ye have nae forgotten me? I played some bonny tunes at your party the last three Christmas Eves."

"I remember you quite well, Fergus," said Miss Stewart softly. "That's why I've called you back. I would like a few words with you—confidentially." She looked very serious, and then a wistful smile hovered on her lips. "Do you think I can trust you?"

"Ye can trust me, lady," said Fergus with confidence.

She looked at him for a moment, then nodded. "Yes, I think I can. You might kindly close the door. . . ."

Ten minutes later, Fergus was shuffling rapidly down the long street. When he came to the house that was second from the end, he stooped and peered at the name on the gate, then moved up the garden path.

On the left, there was a light in a french window, and Fergus raised the

(Continued on page 26)

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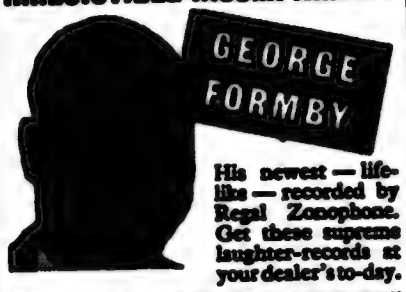

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Continuing

Christmas Serenade

flute to his lips. There uprose in the night air the melody of "The Bonny Banks o' Loch Lomond."

Indoors, an elderly man sat alone by the fire. When the music of the flute broke in upon his thoughts he looked up with a start. A frown began to gather on his ruddy face.

His fingers beat an impatient tattoo on the arm of his chair, and then Mr. MacAndrew went over to the french window and threw it open. The last few bars of the melody were trembling in the darkness when he spoke: "Who's there?"

"Fergus, sir."

"Fergus—yes. But what are you doing here?"

"I was just playing a few bit tunes on my way home, sir. When I got to the house at the corner, I could see the lady was nae having a grand party as usual. So I thought I'd try to pick up a few coppers—just anywhere. Fancy me coming to the verra house where you happen to live, sir."

"H'm, quite a coincidence." Mr. MacAndrew coughed. "Er—the lady at the corner isn't giving a dinner-party this Christmas Eve, eh?"

"No, sir. The house was verra dark and dismal-like," said Fergus feelingly. "This is no' like old times at all."

"No," said Mr. MacAndrew slowly. He stood for a moment in thoughtful silence, then turned and stepped back into the room. "Come in, Fergus. Have a drink. No good standing out there in the snow."

"Thank ye, sir. I could do wi' a wee drappie this cold night."

"I'm glad you've come, Fergus," said Mr. MacAndrew, handing a glass to the old musician and taking up his own. "Here's a toast for you! To the tunes you used to play for us on Christmas Eve. They made me think of the mountains and the heather. We're both exiles, you know, Fergus."

Fergus raised his glass. "And to the lady in the house up the street! She must be verra miserable this night, thinking o' her cheery parties on Christmas Eve."

Mr. MacAndrew drew in a long breath. "Yes, those were happy times. . . ." Then he gave a shrug. "We won't think about them any more, Fergus. Another drink?"

Fergus put down his empty glass, and his eyes strayed to the decanter. "I aye play my best on a wee drap whisky, sir. . . . Would ye no' like me to play some bonny auld Scots tunes on my flute?"

Mr. MacAndrew laughed. "Why not? Let's have "The Bluebells of Scotland"—then any others you like. Go right ahead." He settled down in his arm-chair, the tips of his fingers together, his eyes closed, while Fergus filled the room with the old melodies that have come down through the years.

Fergus played with a bright, wary eye upon the figure of the man before the fire, and then he slipped quietly into the opening bars of "The Bonny Banks o' Loch Lomond."

"Ye—ye liked the music, sir?" said Fergus hopefully.

But Mr. MacAndrew brushed the question aside. He went over to the musician and gave a slight cough.

"Look here, Fergus." He faltered for a moment. "I want you to help me—I think you can."

"I'll be verra pleased," Fergus assured him.

"Good. I'll get on my overcoat—I'm coming out with you. It's a little idea I've got."

Presently, he led the way out to the street. The snow was falling more thickly now, and the lamps along the roadway were dim. When they reached the house at the corner, Mr. MacAndrew halted and put his hand on Fergus's shoulder.

"I want you to play that tune—you know the one."

"Ay, sir. I ken the one ye mean. . . ."

Fergus raised his flute, and the melody of "The Bonny Banks o' Loch Lomond" went rippling through the darkness. The old musician played it as he had never played before: he seemed to be pouring out his soul in melody, with all the aching nostalgia of an exile far from home.

The music rose sweetly through the falling snow—and then suddenly the lights were switched up in a front room.

The curtains were thrown apart, and a woman stood there. She opened the casement a little, and listened. It wasn't until the music of the flute had died away into silence that she closed the window again, and the light went out.

"Do ye think I played the grand auld tune to the lady's liking, sir?" whispered Fergus after a long pause.

Next week's special JOHN BULL short story has been written for you by a master-hand at mystery and detection—Richard Keverne, author of novels and serials that have thrilled thousands.

Mr. Keverne has done much of his work in a lonely East Coast fishing village. His story shows him at his best in the art of gripping the attention of his readers.

Mr. MacAndrew cleared his throat, which was a little husky. "I'm sure you played it to her liking, Fergus. And mine, too. Thank you."

"Look, sir! I think she's coming out."

A figure wrapped in a warm coat appeared at the front door, and Mr. MacAndrew drew Fergus quickly across the street.

"This is for you, Fergus." A ten-shilling note was slipped into the old man's hand. "Come again next year. Play the old tune, and I'll know it's you!"

"Thank ye, sir—and a verra Happy Christmas!"

While Fergus went shuffling away round the corner, Mr. MacAndrew stood watching the figure of the woman as she went down the street in the direction of his own house. Evidently she had not been able to make up her mind to go in. He stood below a street lamp until she came up to him, and her lips parted with a little cry of surprise.

"William, I—I was nearly going in to see you!"

"Were you, now? That's queer, Mary. I was nearly going in to see *you*! I just wanted to—to offer my apologies It's been all my fault——"

"Nothing of the sort, William MacAndrew! It was mine."

"Mary!" He held out both hands. "Couldn't we spend the rest of Christmas Eve together?"

"It would be nicer than being alone, William," she whispered.

His hands closed over hers. Although the light of the street lamp was dim, he could see her eyes shining. "And not only this Christmas Eve—all of them, my dear!"

"All of them, William," she said softly.

"Greatest of These . . ."

He Pleads for Many

Alec

THIS bright little chap, eight-year-old Alec, must be our representative for the sorrowful crowd of appeals we have received from ex-Service men, or their widows, to help them to make their kiddies' Christmas a little different from their drab everyday: their Christmas dinner something more appetizing and festive than the frugal repasts which is all they can provide for them out of the dole, means test allowance, relief—or nothing.

Alec, and his six-year-old brother, who suffers a lot from asthma, "are looking forward," says their dad, "to all sorts of things when Christmas comes."

Alec's father served in the Boer War and all through the Great War. He suffers from malaria and rheumatism, and is sometimes laid up for weeks with a bad leg. His pension ceased some time ago, but not his sufferings.

The only Christmas card he is likely to get is a distress warrant for overdue rates. His wife is ill from worry.

As his unemployment pay, 22s. a week, is all that he has coming in, Alec's and his brother's anticipations of a Merry Christmas stand a poor chance of being realised unless our tender-hearted readers come to their rescue.

The boy's dad is described as "an honest, upright man of good moral character and standing amongst his neighbours—a trustworthy, sober and hard worker."

"He has suffered," says his doctor, "from frequent and severe attacks of neuritis of a rheumatic origin, which make it impossible for him to work for long periods."

Christmas boxes owe their origin to the days, long ago, when every church had a poor-box which was opened on Christmas Day, and the next day its contents were distributed amongst the poor and needy—hence our "Boxing Day."

This was a good idea, but we want our readers to fill up our "Christmas Box" by sending donations at once, so that we can break it open in time to help as many as possible for Christmas Day.

Then, one day, the King Who was born on Christmas Day will say to them: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

* * *

Donations earmarked "Alec," or "Christmas Box" for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the Office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

And to all our subscribers we wish a Happy Christmas!

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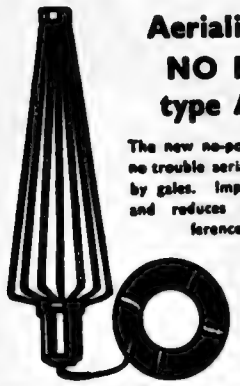

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Child's Cough -Doctor's Remedy

"WHAT *can* I give the child to stop that continual, hacking cough? It's nothing but cough, cough, cough all day long, and half the night, too!"

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"Pineate" Brand HONEY Regd. COUGH-SYRUP

Reader's Christmas Story

"Do you hear what she says, dear," she added, looking across at the empty chair

Uncle's Ghost Dines

By J. Saunders

EVERY Christmas it was a custom for one of our family to visit an eccentric aunt who lived in a remote part of the country. Her house was a rambling old place situated about two miles from the village railway station.

It stared across the Thames Valley at some picturesque hills on the other side, standing in its own grounds, and hidden from a solitary lane by a tall hedge. To reach it, you went up a long gravel drive that wound its way through a sloping lawn and flower garden.

Except for a man-servant, a cook and a housemaid, my aunt lived alone. In the district her house was reputed to be mysterious and at certain times of the year to harbour ghosts.

Local gossip had it that a week before and after Christmas two ghosts of doubtful sex walked the grounds nightly. They were said to promenade up and down the lawn.

Every Christmas my aunt invited one of my family to stay with her. Her invitation did not, however, result from her fear of ghosts, but because her late husband had wished it.

Before he died he had told her that he would enjoy heaven much better if, when he had gone, he could feel that she had one of the family with her at Christmas-time.

When he had died, however, it transpired that he did not go directly to heaven, as he had anticipated. Something had gone wrong somewhere, and he became earth-bound.

Every Christmas he returned to his old home, where, according to my family, he sat with my aunt and the member of the family who happened to be with her, and had his Christmas dinner like any mortal being.

During this my aunt was alleged to have carried on conversation with him. Some of the family who had been down there vowed that they had actually seen uncle sitting at the table, others declared that, although they had not seen the ghost, they had witnessed food prepared for it vanish.

Personally, I did not believe these stories. They sounded fantastic; nor, as a matter of fact, did I believe in ghosts. But I was to change my mind.

It was the year before her death that I made my first visit to my aunt's place. I arrived there on Christmas Eve. It was, I remember, an old-fashioned Christmas that year, with snow and cold winds.

My aunt had sent her man-servant, Hawkins, to meet me at the station, with a real old-fashioned pony and trap. When I saw him I could have laughed out loud. He looked so comical in a combination hat and ear-warmer. He wore a funny pair of side-whiskers, too.

Hawkins drove the pony along the slushy road without a word. He simply sat staring vacantly before him like an idiot. I don't mind telling you that before I got to the house I regretted ever going down there.

As soon as we entered the drive, I had a feeling that there was something wrong with the place. I couldn't for the life of me explain what it was. My aunt greeted me coldly. She was more or less as I had pictured her—tall, gaunt, sniffy and austere.

"Why didn't your mother come, my dear?" she asked.

When I had explained that she was suffering with a chill, she asked me inside. The rooms in the house were exceptionally large and bare. The ceilings were supported with heavy oak rafters.

The only cheerful part of the house was the old-fashioned fireplace, in which was a roaring log fire. In front of this a huge ginger cat sat dozing.

By the way she spoke my aunt seemed to think that I knew all about her deceased husband. She told me disconnected yarns of his annual visits to the house, and lamented the fact that he was earth-bound.

As she spoke, I observed that her eyes shone with a queer light, and I concluded that she was more than a little mad.

My bedroom was like an ice-box. Being compelled to retire at ten o'clock, I found that the only thing to do was to lie and listen to the wind howling and moaning in the tops of the trees.

After a while, my fancy began to get the better of me. I imagined that every sound I heard was a ghost, and the sounds were numerous. There were creaks and rattles, and as the night wore on, I was conscious of an uncanny tapping.

That night I dreamed I was living in a world of ghosts, and woke up at dawn in a bath of perspiration. The following day, I walked in the country.

We had dinner about seven in the evening. The table I noticed was laid for three. The other cover was for my deceased uncle. As we sat down to dinner, the wind seemed to drop suddenly.

This had a curious influence upon the atmosphere of the house. The clocks seemed to tick louder and the footsteps of the servants going about their duties seemed unusually loud and appeared to re-echo through the place weirdly.

All of a sudden the room was filled with wind, just as if somebody had opened the door.

When this occurred, the ginger cat that had slept so peacefully in front of the fire jumped up, hissed, and then, arching its back, ran out of the place.

At this juncture, I observed that my aunt's usually hard features relaxed and she smiled complacently at the empty chair at the head of the table.

"My," she whispered, "I thought you were never coming!"

With a madly beating heart, I sat and listened for a reply in vain.

When Hawkins came in, I had another shock. With a grin he said: "Ah, good evening, sir. Compliments of the season."

Was this, I thought, a "madhouse"? It was getting on my nerves.

"We have Alice's girl with us this year, dear," my aunt added.

Hawkins served us with soup, then he put a plate in the place where my uncle was supposed to be sitting.

When I had finished this course, I had another shock, for when I looked across at my uncle's plate it was empty! By this time I felt convinced that he was with us. The thought of it terrified me.

"I don't think I can eat any more," I said to my aunt.

"What, a young girl like you!" she retorted. "Nonsense! Do you hear what she says, dear?" she added, looking across at the vacant chair.

"I'm really not a bit hungry," I returned.

"Your uncle says that you are not to be such a fool," my aunt retorted.

I could stand no more. Jumping up from the table, I fled to my room. All that night I lived in a state of terror, never closing my eyes. When daylight came I was exhausted, for I had heard footsteps running up and down the stairs most of the night.

The next morning my aunt was furious with me. She accused me of being an ill-mannered girl, and wrote to my mother to the same effect. I was pleased to get away from the place. When my aunt died, the house remained vacant for years. Then it was pulled down.

* * *

You may think that this story is exaggerated, but I can give you my word of honour that it is true in every detail.

What has always baffled me was how the soup disappeared. You can understand the sound of a ghost walking, but it is hard to believe that a ghost can devour soup like an ordinary mortal. Perhaps a fellow-reader of JOHN BULL can offer an explanation?

Cecil Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and re-telling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 300283, J. Saunders, 13, Leinster Square, Bayswater, London.

He's a bit of a dog!

Anyone can see he's had a good supper! You can have one, too, every night of the week, if you know about Fun Yan. What a lovely spicy flavour! And it's specially blended to stimulate digestion and—it helps you get more goodness from what you eat. Good temper starts in the stomach, so if you want to be merry and bright, just you try Fun Yan!

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They know their skin is not as clear and lovely as it ought to be—they even notice large pores, blemishes—but they can't understand what is wrong. Are you one of these? If so, then you too are probably the victim of that widespread modern complexion trouble, Cosmetic Skin.

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DARLING, WHY DO YOUR HANDS FEEL SO ROUGH?
DARLING CAN'T STAY YOUNG FOR EVER, YOU KNOW, BETTY
NEXT DAY
MY HANDS MAKE ME LOOK SO OLD. I DO WISH—
WHY DON'T YOU TRY "VASELINE" JELLY, JEAN? JUST SMOOTH ON A LITTLE EVERY NIGHT
3 WEEKS LATER
WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO, JEAN? YOUR HANDS ARE LOVELY—LIKE THEY WERE BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED

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"Some time ago I could never finish my work. I had no energy and everything seemed to go wrong. At last I tried Fynnon Salt. After taking two tins I feel a new person. Now I can honestly say my work is finished at ten in the morning. And I have lost 4 lbs. in weight. I have four children all going to school, so you know I have work to do. But thanks to Fynnon Salt it all slips through now. At 35 I feel like a girl of 18."

Fynnon Salt treats your system to those marvellous minerals found in the waters of world-famous Spas! In Fynnon Salt you enjoy the true Spa elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium which gently (and without purging) rid the system of fat-forming and health-destroying waste matter. That's why, taken regularly, Fynnon Salt keeps you in the pink of condition—inside and out! Take a teaspoonful in a glassful of water every morning. Large tins 1/3.

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VICK LOZENGES

Soothe tickling throats. Freshen the mouth.

TASTE GOOD—DO GOOD

My Favourite Heroine

Myrna Loy—Miracle Wife

By K. R. G. Browne

"I feel that Miss Myrna Loy is extremely nice to know," says Mr. Browne

CAMERAS cannot lie, so they say, and such animated photographs of Miss Myrna Loy as I have seen convince me she must be extremely nice to know.

If she were otherwise, I feel she could not have created that woman character who is my favourite in fiction—Nora Charles, of "The Thin Man" fame.

Nora is a lady for whom I would willingly squander my last two-and-fourpence and miss an appointment with a duke.

You may keep your Little Dorrits, your Paula Tanquerays, your Mrs. Wiggses, and your Queen Christinas — Mrs. Charles is the one for me.

She is not phenomenally beautiful, though she pleases the eye "more than somewhat." She is not exceptionally intelligent, outstandingly accomplished, nor even unusually rich.

In my opinion—and in that of most right-thinking men—she is simply the "perfect wife."

Nora's husband, Mr. Charles—"Nick" to his intimates—is a detective. A rather awkward type of husband to have about the house.

Happy knack

I know few sleuths personally, but I imagine their habit of leaving home abruptly at the oddest hours in pursuit of crooks must be pretty trying to their wives.

"Really, George, you *are* exasperating!" one can hear them exclaim. "Just as I'm dishing up the sausage and bubble-and-squeak! Why can't you be a stockbroker or something?"

Not so Nora Charles, that jewel among women. Should her Nick suddenly announce—possibly in the middle of the fish course—that he must leave immediately to interview a Public Enemy, she utters no reproaches, nor sheds one hysterical tear.

Instead, with wifely solicitude, she assures herself that he is properly dressed for the occasion. Overcoat? Automatic? Muffler? Skeleton-keys? And sends him serenely forth, remarking from the doorway: "Be careful, won't you, dear? I don't want to be a widow, you know."

To which Mr. Charles, greatly to his credit, replies: "You wouldn't be one long—not with all my money."

Contrast this sane and common-sense behaviour with that of the average wife.

On learning that her other half proposes to fritter away an hour or two with a few old college chums, she first cross-examines him exhaustively as to their names, ages, occupations and favourite breakfast foods. Then, grudgingly, she grants him the necessary permission, adding that she will spend a nice, lonely evening by the fireside—no novelty to her.

It may be that the wives of practising detectives are more broadminded, but, it seems to me, Mrs. Charles's attitude to her husband's friends stamps her as unique among her kind.

The ordinary man who brings home an acquaintance without first telephoning his intention is apt to hear all about it when his guest has finally outstayed his welcome and departed.

"Well, you could have let me *know*, couldn't you? And not a thing in the house except a tin of sardines!"

The Charles household is run on more tolerant lines. Any friend of Nick's is automatically a friend of Nora's, and vice versa. Thus when a fellow-sleuth drops in at 8.30 a.m. to discuss the latest homicide with her detective husband does Nora Charles become suddenly conscious of her dressing-gown and blush with embarrassment?

On the contrary, she rings for another egg as naturally as if uninvited visitors were as familiar a feature of the breakfast table as the cruet.

So far as I know, no other wife has this knack.

Again, it takes a Mrs. Charles to cope with the kind of impromptu party that is always liable to foregather in any house containing a Mr. Charles.

The average wife who returns from a shopping expedition to find ex-burglars, reformed pickpockets, ticket-of-leave men and paroled forgers making whoopee in her drawing-room would almost certainly throw a series of quick fits and flounce out—never to return.

For this incomparable woman it is the work of a moment to shed her coat and get busy with the cocktail-shaker. Her sole comment to her helpmeet is: "Darling, you do know the *nicest* people!"

It is this imperturbability in the face of the unforeseen that chiefly endears Mrs. Charles to me and all those other right-thinking men.

Any other woman whose home was invaded in the small hours by hired assassins, armed to the teeth and bent on erasing her husband, would probably swoon at once and add to her spouse's difficulties.

Mrs. Charles remains cool and unafraid, watching the ensuing rough house with the detached air of a spectator at a chess match. Later she ministers to her husband's minor injuries with the efficiency of a trained nurse.

Hardly surprising that the local constabulary treat her almost as one of themselves, defer courteously to her opinions, and even (so forceful is her personality) occasionally remove their hats in her presence.

In its quieter periods—between crimes, that is to say, and when there are no "dicks," "yeggs" or other callers to be entertained—the Charles household is an object-lesson in the art of How-To-Be-Happy-Though-Married.

Mrs. Charles is one of those rare wives who do not regard the dropping of cigarette-ash on the carpet as an offence against the State, and who realise that it is man's natural instinct to park his feet on mantelshelves.

As for Mr. Charles, he is the even rarer type of husband who gives his wife fur-coats. Though who would not give fur-coats to a woman who makes no moan when one practises pistol shooting in her sitting-room?

Object-lesson

Mrs. Charles has never been known to nag. She never creates scenes, nor hurls reproaches. She is almost alone among women.

One feels that, no matter how great the provocation, she would never fly off the handle or run weeping to her mother. Yet she manages her slightly erratic partner with an unobtrusive skill worthy of a professional diplomat.

Though Mr. Charles is no bigoted teetotaler—on the contrary, one has the impression he feels practically naked without a tumbler in his hand—she never upbraids openly on that account.

When she considers he has had enough, she has her own methods of ensuring he shall have no more—methods so tactful that the patient is unaware of them.

It goes without saying—but I shall say it, because I could dilate on this theme for hours—this unique woman runs her home as expertly as she runs her husband, and with as little ostentation.

Welcome for all

In her household no meal is ever late, no decanter ever empty, no servant ever at the point of walking out.

Though the strangest guests pop in and out at even stranger hours, none is ever sent empty away; come who will, there is a bite and a snifter for all, as often as not, prepared by the hostess's own fair hands.

Very few wives will cheerfully scramble eggs at midnight in a valuable evening gown, but Mrs. Charles is one of them.

In short, a better mate for a detective it would be hard to find—or for a dean, a dentist or a dictator, for that matter.

Calm, courageous, capable and charming, respected equally by criminals and cops, adored by her husband, worshipped by her dog and envied even by the five-and-ninepennies, Mrs. Charles stands as a model for all those of her sex who are hesitating on the brink of wedlock.

What a woman! What a character! Oh, what a wife!

Next week's "Favourite Heroine" will surprise you—a character from a famous book by W. Somerset Maugham. Her admirer will be the famous wit and biographer, D. B. Wyndham Lewis.

YES, SIR!

BRYLCREEM is the stuff to give the roots. It gets right to the bottom of all hair trouble, penetrates to the very scalp cells, cleansing and stimulating, encouraging healthy growth. And **BRYLCREEM** is not only a perfect hair tonic, it's a perfect fixative as well. Yes, Sir, **BRYLCREEM** for me—and you, if you're sensible—every time.

BRYLCREEM is obtainable from Chemists and Hairdressers in standard bottles, tubes and wide-necked bottles. From all chemists and hairdressers. Price 1/-

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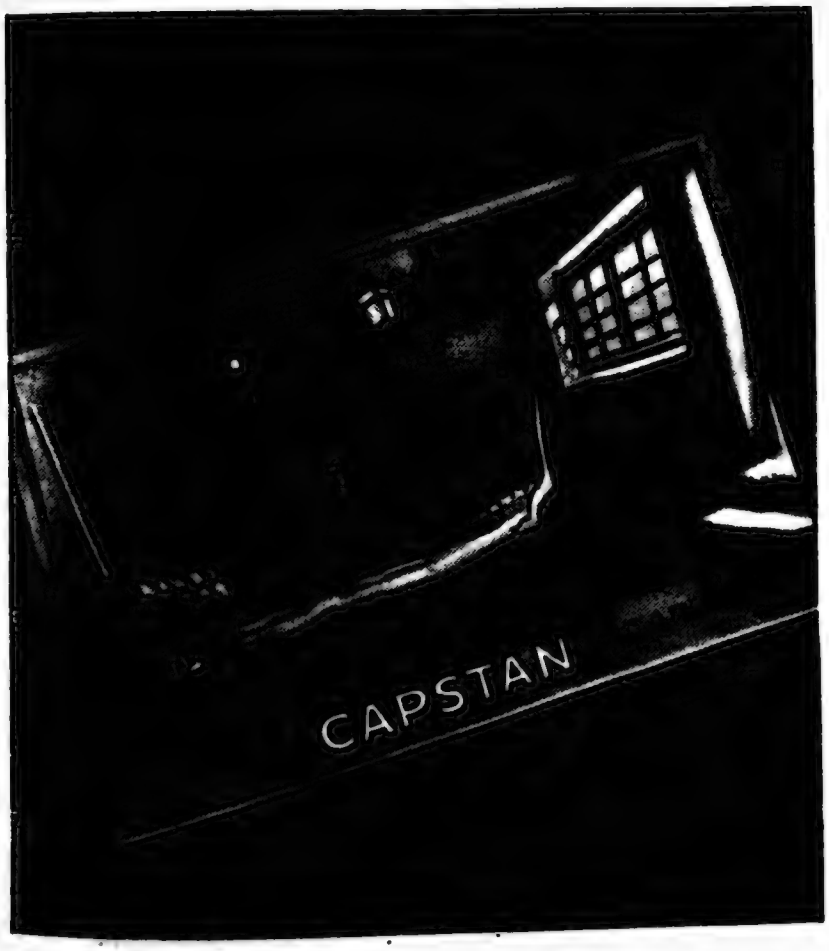
CAPSTAN
they're blended better

and they make an ideal present



50's FLAT BOX (as illustrated) 2/5. 100's BOX 4/8.
50's FLAT TIN 2/6. 100's TIN 4/10.
All supplied in these Christmas cartons.

W. D. & H. O. Wills.
(Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.) C.C. 3[illegible]

Every Woman needs it-

"Happy, healthy, no longer tired"

"I feel I must write and let you know the benefit I have derived from IRON 'JELLOIDS.' Being very delicate and anæmic I decided to give them a trial. Now I am a happier woman, feeling better in health and spirits, and can go about my work without that tired and languid feeling." (Mrs.)——

Found them marvellous!

"I have been taking IRON 'JELLOIDS' regularly for the last six weeks and have found them marvellous. I feel and look a different person. I recommend them to all my friends." (Mrs.)——

To be healthy, vigorous and attractive, to possess the radiant appearance of the gloriously fit—a woman *must* have plenty of IRON. Iron puts the colour in your cheeks and lips, the sparkle in your eyes; strength and lustre in your hair. Iron makes you strong and active, protects you against illness. Your happiness and physical well-being are dependent upon your blood and body-cells being amply supplied with iron.

..thousands suffer for lack of it

Our daily food is deficient in iron. That is why so many women are pale, easily tired, always catching cold. They are IRON-STARVED. Iron-starvation spoils your appetite, makes you nervy and listless, and ruins your good looks. You cannot be happy or healthy if you are IRON-STARVED.

..yet nothing is easier to get!

The best way to avoid iron-starvation is to take a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' now and then. IRON 'JELLOIDS' will quickly improve your appetite, increase your energy, improve your looks and give you IRON-strength to resist winter ills and chills.

Every woman should take a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' occasionally. IRON 'JELLOIDS' are easy to take, do not blacken the teeth, and assist digestion.

Iron Jelloids

For WOMEN: No. 2 For MEN: No. 2A (containing quinine) For CHILDREN: No. 1

re-arm you with IRON-strength to overcome
Weakness—Exhausted Nerves—Lack of Energy—Liability to Colds—Breathlessness—Palpitation—Poor Appetite Weak Digestion—Headaches—Pallor Falling Hair—Pimples—Brittle Nails

Of all chemists and stores
3/- (36 days' treatment), 1/3 (10 days' treatment)

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To The Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd., (Dept. J 31) Watford, Herts.

Please send me your new free booklet "IRON STARVATION, The Thief of Health and Strength." J. B. 18/12/37

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Post unsealed under ½d. stamp. Use BLOCK letters.

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Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 18/12/37

Your A.B.C. of COUGHS and COLDS

Sooner or later, you or someone you know will start the usual winter cough. This time why not be ready for it? If you are quick enough you can nearly always get rid of it before it gets a hold. You know, of course, that all coughs and colds are caused by germs. If the germs are given time to multiply and settle down in the lungs and throat, the way is open for complaints of a really serious kind. That is why doctors consider that it is very important to attack the germs quickly from *within*. A cough mixture which simply soothes the cough temporarily is not enough. Famel Syrup is based on the discovery of soluble Lactocreosote, which has a powerful antiseptic and preventive action in the lungs. Germs of coughs and colds cannot live in its presence.

Famel has been proved in hundreds of laboratory and hospital tests to be the medicine which does destroy the germs but does not cause distress to the vital organs. At the same time it calms the throat and removes the feeling of pressure on the chest and lungs. Its tonic properties build up your strength quickly, so that your body can defend itself against future attacks. Famel Syrup is not a mere 'cough mixture.' It is a scientific preparation—a remedy respected by hospitals and clinics, doctors and nurses, all over the world. Your chemist sells it—1/6 and 3/-.

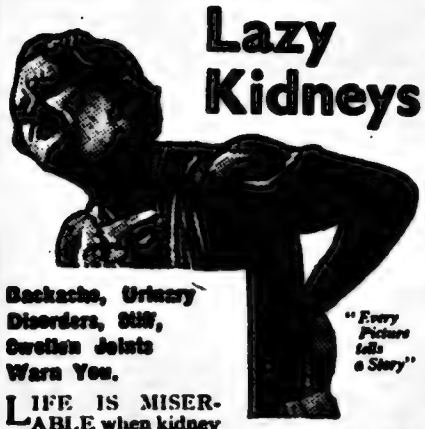
Famel Syrup

Brand

Goes to the ROOT of your COUGH

For Brochure "How to be Happy and Healthy in Winter" please write to Dept. J.B. 5, Wilcox Jozeau & Co. Ltd., North Circular Road, London, N.W.2.

Lazy Kidneys



Backache, Urinary Disorders, Stiff, Swollen Joints Warn You.

"Every Picture tells a Story"

LIFE IS MISERABLE when kidney action is sluggish and is failing to clean your blood. You probably have backache, bladder weakness, disturbed sleep, lumbago, swollen limbs, or stiff, painful muscles and joints. Don't wait until you are laid up, but take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills, now. This special kidney medicine acts upon the kidneys just as a laxative acts upon the bowels, stimulating the kidney system and destroying bacteria in the urine. By making the kidneys well Doans Pills have restored the joy of living to thousands of grateful men and women.

Ended My Weeks of Pain.

Mrs. M. Lloyd, 501, Stapleton Road, Bristol, says:—"I was laid up for six weeks with inflammation of the bladder. The urine was full of gravel, relief was painful and watery swellings appeared about my body. I was nervy, had a constant aching back and stiff and painful joints. I have to thank Doans Backache Kidney Pills for ending my weeks of pain. Upon using them my health began to pick up and now my health is excellent. (*Signed*) M. Lloyd."

Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

1/3 3/- 6/-

FORTUNES ON ICE

Big money to-day rewards famous girl champions, and British girls are supreme

Cecilia Colledge, who became the World Amateur Champion girl skater at sixteen years of age

BRITAIN is now starting the greatest season of ice skating the country has ever known.

More than 60,000 skaters pay entrance to the rinks every week, and nightly "galleries" of 50,000 watch ice ballets, revues, and hockey.

Ice dancing and figure skating clubs are being opened by the score.

Young girls are the mainstay of the sport, and those who take it most seriously.

When Cecilia Colledge, sixteen-year-old daughter of a London surgeon, won the World Amateur Championship this year, she gave a new stimulus to the thousands of girls in their early 'teens who spend industrious days on the rinks.

Training for the amateur figure skating championships is probably the most strenuous—and undoubtedly the most expensive—form of athletics.

No serious contestant for the honour can manage with less than six hours a day practice, and many put in eight or nine hours.

In addition, they have to do at least an hour's physical exercise off the ice.

Ballet lessons under a stage ballet master are also necessary, for the standard of proficiency is so high that no candidate without ballet training stands a chance.

Training usually starts at six or eight years of age. Championships are won in the 'teens. At twenty-one a girl is either a veteran or a professional.

Until quite recently there was nothing to attract a girl, whose parents were able to put down £3,000 or so for her skating education, to become a professional.

But the situation has changed since Sonja Henie, former World Amateur Champion, walked into the Hollywood studios with a £60,000 contract for a bare year's work in making three films.

Values on the ice exchange went up with a bang. Thousands of young women began to hustle for their share in the limelight.

For, even if your parents did intend you to lead a life of blameless amateurism, the prospect of £60,000 a year and the plaudits of the film millions are not to be sneezed at.

There is no doubt that from now onwards any amateur champion who turns professional will be able to command big money.

But the initial outlay is considerable. The training of dainty, seventeen-year-old Pamela Prior, who plays the lead in the ice ballet, "St. Moritz," at the London Coliseum, cost £3,000.

She turned professional only this year, when she won the World Championship. Her legs are insured for £10,000.

The training costs of many £5-a-week skating chorus girls run well into five figures. Practically all of them were amateurs from the London and provincial rinks who had no idea of turning professional until they were invited to appear on the stage in ice ballet.

Sonja Henie's expenses the last time she attended and won the World Amateur Championship were £200.

Lessons with a leading professional cost at least £250 a year. In addition, there are membership subscriptions to clubs, entrance fees to rinks, fees for ballet lessons, physical culture and deportment.

Skating clothes are another big item, and so are travelling expenses. Aspirants to championship honours are constantly giving exhibitions at various rinks, and there are hotel bills for the girl and her trainer. In most foreign countries such travelling expenses, and in many cases training fees too, are borne either by the competitor's club or by the Government, who may subsidise the aspirant as part of their national propaganda. The German and Austrian Governments do this.

In spite of this, however, British girls continue not merely to hold their own, but to lead the skating world.

Foreign "aces" are flocking from all parts of the world to train on British rinks, and to take skating lessons from the two greatest instructors in the world—Harold Nicholson at Westminster, and Jacques Gerschwiler at Bayswater.

Among the leading foreigners to visit London are Gerd Bornjnstad, Norwegian Champion, and her twelve-year-old sister, who is Junior Champion of Norway; and little Mary Thatcher, twelve-year-old Junior Canadian Champion.

Among the men are Prosnofsky, Champion of Czechoslovakia; Cox-Chaussen, Danish Champion; and fifteen-year-old Horst Faber, second in the German Championships last year, and fancied for the World Championship next year.

There is probably no sport in the world where such keenness is shown by the participants.

The ice on the stage of the London Coliseum is thrown open to the members of the ballet for their own private practice and amusement during the mornings.

Most members of the company put in several hours of voluntary skating before their appearances in the afternoon and evening.

Pamela Prior spends her mornings at the Westminster rink, where she trained formerly under Harold Nicholson; and several other members of the ballet skate on their own home rinks during the morning.

Trudie Link, who has a leading part in the Coliseum ballet, is the chief instructress at Westminster. Her pupils know her as Mrs. Harris.

As a child she danced in ice ballet in Berlin, and married "straight off the ice" when she met English skater Harris in an ice ballet in London some years ago.

The baby of ice ballet is twelve-year-old Hazel Franklin, from Bournemouth.

Hazel's greatest ambition is to see the show from the front of the house. She complains that as soon as she comes off the stage she has to go straight to lessons in her dressing-room!

Race with "Silver Ring"

The Xmas Exes

IT was a pity Jack Frost intervened to cause the usual December hold-up, as Code selections gave the National Hunt season a good send-off.

Rightun, Airgead Sios, Sable Marten and a 37½ to 1 double at Newbury—Antipas, 10 to 1, and Silver Lance, 5 to 2—were the first week's bag.

We shall have to get the Yuletide expenses at Sandown Park this week-end, for Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of Christmas week are blank days.

A number of horses who will be seeking Grand National honours can meet in the Sandown Handicap 'Chase. Spoils may go to Macaulay or Antipas.

Note Koppernick for the Bookham 'Chase and Velvet Glove for the Milburn Hurdle.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, December 16, to Wednesday, December 22.

K X U Z R 98 96 G E D V B N H J T S O Y 97 L W P 94 M P Q C I 93 95 A

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: 93NPTR94X would read HIDALGO. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted: KTE2U would read SAMMY.

"What with Podgson's Knock, Musical Chairs and other games, your white enamel paint and French polished furniture will look very different to-morrow." And we'll "Bovex" about the unsightly Question. And we'll soon clean up the white enamel paint and make the furniture as bright as new with a little Min Cream."

MIN CREAM

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EVER READY

TORCHES, CYCLE LAMPS, GASLIGHTERS

—to please every member of the family

FATHER will purr with pride when you present him with this magnificent-looking Ever Ready Torch. It puts a really brilliant beam of light just where it's wanted, when it's wanted. Saves much loss of time and temper, too. And, of course, it's the safest light in the world.

Illustrated is Model No. 2853, 9/6.
Other models from 5/-

Young JIMMY will be much safer on the road when he gets this Ever Ready Electric Cycle Lamp. It floods the road with brilliant light at a cost of about ¼d. an hour! Of course, it can't flicker or blow out. In fact, it's Ever Ready by name and Ever Ready by nature.

Illustrated is Model No. 2836, 2/6.
Rear Lamp (another great safety factor), 1/6.

Daughter BETTY is in the Girl Guides so she'll find this Spotlight Pocket Lamp a very acceptable present indeed because it will come in so useful when she's camping. Also she can use it for signalling and lots of other things. It's leather-covered and gives a very brilliant light.

No. 9229, 3/6.

MOTHERS delight in this Ever Ready Candlelite which is just ideal for use as a bedside lamp. It gives a pleasant diffusion of light without glare—the very thing for seeing if baby is tucked up alright. The luminous points on the base show up in the darkness and the switch can be arranged to allow the Candlelite to switch on automatically when lifted. No. 1654. 5/-

Obtainable from Electricians, Ironmongers, Garages, Stores, etc., everywhere.

Another useful present for the LADY of the house is this Ever Ready Gaslighter, a really matchless money-saver. It lights the gas without fuss, mess or bother, and is much cheaper, besides being less dangerous than matches. The ring hanger ensures its being always on hand when wanted.

No. 2247, 5/-

It's a shame to keep them in the dark!

THE EVER READY CO. (GREAT BRITAIN) LTD., HERCULES PLACE, HOLLOWAY, LONDON, N.7

Adventures of a Rolling Stone

Truth is stranger than fiction! Here is another instalment from the exciting life story of

Conrad Phillips

His experiences while roaming all over the world in search of thrills are pictures of true romance.

They appeared to come from nowhere. All carried rifles

I Turn Gun-Runner

LAST week I told you how I started my life as a rolling stone, how, after two hard years in New York, I joined the ill-fated *Anewalt* in Baltimore, and how that trip ended in my being stabbed and having to go into a Copenhagen hospital.

It was two weeks before I recovered. When I did I joined another American ship bound for New York. All I saw of England was the rugged coast-line we hugged practically all the way to the Atlantic. The trip to New York was ideal. It was a grand procession of sunny days and moonlight nights.

I speculated on what I should do in the winter. After two winters in New York, I was resolved to visit warmer climes.

I had in mind Florida and Havana, where, I had heard, work was plentiful. But in the end I went to neither, for, by a stroke of good fortune, I managed to get a ship to San Pedro, California.

The *Hawkeye State* was a 22,000-tons pleasure liner bound for Honolulu. She stopped at Havana, San Pedro, San Francisco, Seattle, and Vancouver. I was lucky to get a deck steward's job.

The journey to San Pedro was like a dream. I was really sorry when the journey ended, for I had no place to go in California.

★ ★ ★

I took an electric train into Los Angeles.

After two weeks there I went broke and was reduced to washing dishes in a café to get food. I was desperate.

In a Main Street pool hall I met Mike O'Brien, a tough American-born Irishman. I had seen him there several times before. His affable personality and smiling blue eyes attracted me.

One day I got into conversation with him and told him how I was fixed.

"Is it dough you want?" he asked.

"Sure it is," I said. "But I'm not cadging from you.' I want to earn some of it."

"You stick around," he said. "I might be able to fix you up in a day or two."

About a week later, he came over to where I was sitting and asked me if I had got a job. When I told him I had not, he invited me to have some coffee and doughnuts with him.

Later, in a quiet café, he told me that, if I was willing to take the risk, he might put a lot of money in my way.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"I can trust you, can't I?" he said.

"On my word of honour, you can."

"That's fine. It's gun-running."

Later, he took me to a large block of warehouses on the other side of the Santa Fé railway. Here I was introduced to a tall, sallow-complexioned man, who appeared to be a Mexican.

He asked me if I could drive a truck. I said I could.

"You sure he's O.K.?" he asked O'Brien.

"As right as rain," my new friend replied.

"O.K. Get here at nine-thirty tonight." He turned to O'Brien. "He can go with you and Blake."

We had loaded the guns before ten and were on our way to the Mexican border before eleven.

I ought to tell you here that the guns were packed in piano cases and the lorry bore the name of a piano company in Los Angeles. It was a foolproof camouflage.

The night was pitch black, and as we thundered along the Pacific Highway towards the border, I had a feeling we would run into trouble. I have always had this strange sense and it has never been wrong.

Blake, the other man with us, was not very communicative. In fact, for the better part of the journey he snored. He was a short man with eyes like a ferret, but a fellow you could trust.

We passed through San Bernadino and struck the coastal mountains about two a.m. Here O'Brien took the wheel. When we had passed over them, he told me what to expect as we neared our destination.

"On the other side of San Diego," he said, "we strike a dirt road which runs more or less parallel with the border.

"Some distance down there, we cut over rough land until we reach Mexico. Then we hit another road.

"About a mile along there we meet our contact. The worst part of the job is crossing that rough land—by the way, if we get stopped, you don't know nothing, see?"

"O.K." I said.

He was right about the rough country. I have never been through such an ordeal. Before we reached it Blake got down and climbed in the back. Why he did this was not explained to me.

All lights were extinguished as soon as we reached the dirt road and I took the wheel. Driving the lorry, with O'Brien walking in front, was nerve-racking. How I missed the ditches on either side was a marvel.

I drove the lorry across the rough land to O'Brien's instructions, and considering my nervousness and mistakes, he was very patient.

I would not have minded if it had been light, but to drive at the pace of a snail in darkness was terribly trying.

★ ★ ★

It seemed hours before we reached the other side.

We could not have gone many yards down the road on the other side when we were stopped. The road, I remember, was filled suddenly with light and men in odd-looking uniforms.

They appeared to come from nowhere. All carried rifles, and most were on horseback.

The sight of them almost scared me out of my wits. This, I thought, is the last of me. One of the men, the leader, apparently, rode up to us while the others covered us with rifles.

"All you've got to do," O'Brien whispered, "is to keep your nerve and say nothing, get me?"

"Sure," I replied, conscious that my scalp was alive with pins and needles.

"All right," the leader of the men said, "get down." He spoke almost flawless English.

Knocking at the knees, I followed Mike. When we were in the road the men formed a circle round us, and we were told to put up our hands.

For the moment I had completely forgotten about our friend in the back. When I did remember, I had the consolation of knowing that he was armed with a Colt automatic, as was Mike. I carried no weapon.

Another man in a sombrero took Mike to one side and questioned him, while I was taken away by the leader and also questioned. He asked me where we had come from. Shaking my head, I put on a dumb act. I thought if I said nothing I could not put my foot in it.

"Look here, my friend," the man added. "You can't act like this. If you don't talk, we shall find a way of making you."

That didn't budge me. I repeated my head shake.

"Very well," he said. "We will see what we can do with you. I suppose you know that they shoot you for running guns in this country?"

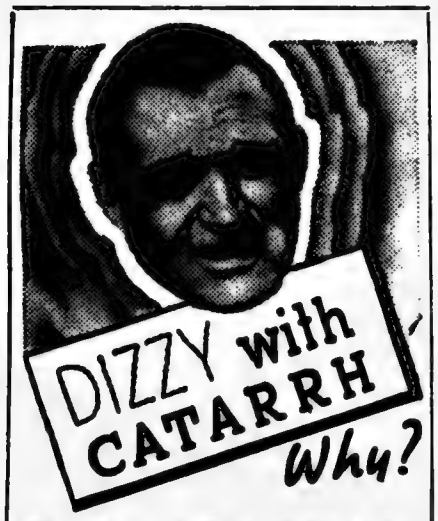
I was still dumb. After further threats, he took me over to where Mike was. Meanwhile, the other men had broken open one of the cases and were exposing the guns to their leader.

I was told to get back into the lorry and follow the horses. Mike and a soldier joined me.

"Don't say nothing," Mike whispered before the soldier got up, "the mug behind speaks English."

We went along the narrow road, turned up a hill and drove down to a village. There were several shacks on

(Continued on page 36)



Why allow yourself to become "absolutely dizzy with catarrh"—you have then reached the danger-point. Many a dangerous illness has resulted from a neglected "simple cold."

It's dangerous to neglect CATARRH . . . it is spelling the trouble later . . . deafness, head noises, loss of smell—and worse.

End this continuous Catarrh with Potter's Catarrh Pastilles. They instantly melt the phlegm, clear head and throat, and act as a powerful antiseptic (vital) when travelling in trains, tubes, trams, buses or where infection is present).

Buy a handy tin at any chemist, stores, or herbalists at 1/4d. post free from makers.

POTTER & CLARKE LTD. 66y, Artillery Lane, London, E.1 (*Makers of Potter's Asthma Cure*)

POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

P7

THEIR NAME
but NOT their love

The laughter of children dies when parents, unmindful of their trust, become neglectful and (unbelievable yet true) frequently brutal to their offspring. Such little ones know more of blows than of love. The N.S.P.C.C., through its 270 "Children's Men," by persuasion rather than prosecution, every year helps many thousands of children to happier lives.

PLEASE HELP

THIS GREAT WORK WITH A GENEROUS GIFT to:—
William J. Elkin, O.B.E., Director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

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The Greatest of all Tonics

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The Greatest of all Tonics

FOR ALL DISORDERS CAUSED BY EXHAUSTION OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/9, 3/- and 5/-. The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/9 size; you now almost 2/- (A 6d. trial size of PHOSFERINE TABLETS is now obtainable—Not available in I.F.S.)

WARNING: THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS. C.F.H.

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the secret of leading in the winner...

and of a good tobacco

LLOYD'S'

BONDMAN

is always COOL and FRESH

• BONDMAN RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½° per oz. EMPIRE BLEND 10° per oz.

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Special Pools Service

by "Poolex"

INVESTORS in pools who have been reading my articles will have noticed the big part the Home Strength Order plays in nearly all the systems I have suggested.

It is very important to understand this idea, especially as so many people are keeping the articles as a guide. So this week I am going to tell you, just as plainly as I can, how you can write out the Home Strength Order for any pool.

First of all, remember what this order is It is simply a list of matches arranged in the order of the likelihood of the home team winning.

That is, the most likely home winner is put first in the Home Strength Order, followed by the next likely one, and so on, until the last match on the list is the least likely home winner—or, in other words, the most likely *away* winner.

For those who don't care to rely on their own knowledge—and it's best to be modest about this—the Home Strength Order can be made up from the expert opinions given in published forecasts, as follows:

Take as many published forecasts as you can find, and add up, for each match separately, the number of votes given (a) for the home team, (b) for the away team, and (c) for a draw. In some papers you will find this already done for you.

As an example, I have taken Littlewood's 12-result pool for September 4 last, and here is a list of the matches in the order given on the coupon, together with the summary of expert opinion which I have taken from eighteen published forecasts for these matches:

Number of forecasts for:	1	2	x
Blackpool v. Everton ..	8	2	8
Luton v. Manchester U.	9	1	8
Southampton v. Aston V.	1	12	5
Crewe v. Oldham ..	3	11	4
Aldershot v. Notts C. ..	2	14	2
Motherwell v. Rangers ..	5	6	7
Third Lanark v. Aberdeen	10	2	6
Liverpool v. Charlton ..	8	4	6
Notts F. v. Tottenham..	9	7	2
Carlisle v. Lincoln ..	4	10	4
Tranmere v. Chester ..	5	10	3
Ayr U. v. Clyde	16	0	2

Run your eyes over these figures.

You will see that sixteen forecasters gave the Ayr v. Clyde match as a home win. This, then, will be the first match on the Home Strength Order, followed by Third Lanark v. Aberdeen (ten home votes), and so on.

So here are the games rearranged to form the Home Strength Order:

Number of forecasts for:	1	2	x
Ayr U. v. Clyde	16	0	2
Third Lanark v. Aberdeen	10	2	6
Luton v. Manchester U.	9	1	8
Notts F. v. Tottenham..	9	7	2
Blackpool v. Everton ..	8	2	8
Liverpool v. Charlton ..	8	4	6
Motherwell v. Rangers ..	5	6	7
Tranmere v. Chester ..	5	10	3
Carlisle v. Lincoln ..	4	10	4
Crewe v. Oldham ..	3	11	4
Aldershot v. Notts C. ..	2	14	2
Southampton v. Aston V.	1	12	5

And that is all that is necessary to obtain the Home Strength for any pool.

Notice that when there are two matches with the same number of home votes, the one with the fewer away votes takes precedence.

As a method of comparing "form" probabilities it is tremendously useful.

Several readers have written to ask whether my Graded Guide can be used to make out a Home Strength Order.

Certainly it can, and as the points in favour of the home or away team are clearly shown it is very simple to pick out the matches given on any pool list and arrange them in Home Strength Order according to those points.

There is only one reason why I recommend taking a summary of a number of expert opinions.

In making up my Graded Guide, I try as far as possible to take into account all the indications shown by recent form. But, no matter how deeply I go into this question, the result can be the verdict of only one person—myself.

I have told you time and again never to rely blindly on any one person's forecasts. This advice must always apply equally to my own forecasts.

Graded Guide

By "Poolex" (copyright)

Below are the games to be played on Saturday, December 18, not in the customary categories of League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a Graded Guide to the likely results of these matches. Six performances of each team have been assessed by awarding points for each performance on its merits.

Thus the likeliest Home Winners to choose from are at the top of the first list. To pick likely Away Winners make your choice from those at the end of the second list

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF HOME TEAM.

81 Raith R. v. Alloa.	42 W.B.A. v. Blackpool.	18 Rotherham v. Crewe.
80 Luton v. Norwich.	38 Bury v. Fulham.	17 Cardiff v. Crystal Pal.
81 Clyde v. Morton.	33 Q.P.R. v. Aldershot.	15 Queen of S. v. Rangers.
78 Man. U. v. West Ham.	29 Falkirk v. St. Mirren.	11 Partick v. Third Lanark
75 Albion R. v. E. Stirling.	28 Southend v. Swindon.	9 Carlisle v. Hartlepools.
67 Chester v. Barrow.	26 Sheff. U. v. Southampton.	8 York v. N. Brighton.
65 St. Bernards v. Montrose	25 Charlton v. Leicester.	7 Tranmere v. Hull.
60 Newcastle v. Swansea.	24 Southport v. Oldham.	6 Brighton v. Millwall.
52 Doncaster v. Darlington.	22 Preston v. Sunderland.	5 Burnley v. Sheffield W.
51 Barnsley v. Aston V.	21 Tottenham v. Blackburn.	4 Notts F. v. Chesterfield.
47 Coventry v. Plymouth.	19 Rochdale v. Port Vale.	1 Chelsea v. Wolves.
43 Dumbarton v. E. Fife.		

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF AWAY TEAM.

Birmingham v. Brentford. 1	Liverpool v. Arsenal. 18	Walsall v. Notts C. 39
Halifax v. Lincoln. 2	Accrington v. Wrexham. 19	Northampton v. Newport. 40
Torquay v. Gillingham. 3	Arbroath v. Aberdeen. 20	Motherwell v. St. Johnstone 41
Leeds v. Manchester C. 6	Stoke v. Huddersfield. 21	King's P. v. Stenhouse. 52
Stockport v. Bradford. 7	Cowdenbeath v. Airdrie. 23	Hibernians v. Celtic. 54
Forfar v. Leith. 9	Bournemouth v. Reading. 28	Edinburgh C. v. Dunfermline. 55
Queen's P. v. Hamilton. 11	Portsmouth v. Everton. 27	Kilmarnock v. Hearts. 56
Mansfield v. Watford. 12	Middlesbrough v. Bolton. 28	Bristol R. v. Bristol C. 64
Dundee v. Ayr. 14	Clapton O. v. Exeter. 33	Brechin C. v. Dundee U. 69
Bradford C. v. Gateshead. 17	Grimsby v. Derby. 34	

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Continuing

I Turn Gun-Runner

either side of the dirt road, and we stopped before what appeared to be the main one.

After being searched and deprived of our valuables we were locked in a pitch-black room that smelt of pigs.

"Don't worry," Mike whispered. "Blake'll trail us here. He's got a gun. They'll only leave a couple of mugs on guard—the others will sleep."

About an hour later, when all was quiet, we heard somebody unlocking the door. As it opened we were delighted to see little Blake with a revolver stuck in the ribs of a huge Mexican.

"All right, fellers, quick!" he snapped. In his other hand he held a pair of handcuffs which he snapped on the Mexican's wrists. Then he gagged him with a handkerchief.

"Come on, let's beat it," he said, when he had finished.

On reaching the hills we decided to separate as there would be less likelihood of being caught.

Before we parted Blake told us he had slipped from the lorry unseen and had followed us to the village.

"If you guys get clear," Mike said, "I'll see yer in Los Angeles."

We thanked Blake for what he had done and then split up. Left alone, I was in a dilemma.

Walking blindly in the darkness, I felt horribly alone. Behind every bush I passed I imagined there lurked a Mexican with a gun ready to shoot me down.

Then, when I heard a sound, I would stop petrified with fear in case it might be a Mexican or a snake.

At last the dawn broke. It was a really marvellous sight as the light swept up over the majestic mountains, and I found myself in a valley at the foot of some arid hills.

Before me was a road, winding like a ribbon between huge boulders. A mist clung to the valley.

As I stood wondering what to do I saw something that made me fall on my stomach.

Not a hundred yards away a dozen horsemen were trotting towards the road. By the way they were scanning the countryside it was obvious they were looking for somebody—probably me.

The sight of them filled me with panic. So much so that I never budged from that spot all day. And what a day it was!

The sun beat down on me unmercifully, but compared with the pests and thirst it was nothing.

I was so thirsty I thought I should go mad. My tongue began to swell.

★ ★ ★

How I endured it I do not know. When night came I felt better. But as the time passed I was conscious of a deathly silence. It was uncanny. I imagined all sorts of horrible things. Everything seemed so dead.

But I staggered on, hour after hour, hoping and praying that I should soon be on American soil.

Then I began to weaken. My knees gave way; my head swam; I wanted to lie down—to sleep, and never wake up again. After that I knew nothing more until I woke the next day.

I was chilled and my head was splitting, but the sight of a farmhouse two hundred yards away and a paved highway beyond it made me forget myself. At last I was safe.

Mustering my strength, I reached the house, where I was greeted by the son of the owner, a tall, lank youth with a freckled face. He told me I was only ten miles from San Diego. To explain my predicament I told him that I had been lost during the night and was anxious to get to San Diego as soon as possible because I had very important business there.

While I was talking he prepared bacon and eggs and coffee for me. His parents had not got up.

Refreshed by the meal, I was ready to fight the world. I think the most valuable part of the human mind is its capacity to forget unpleasant experiences. As soon as I had eaten, the memories of my terrible ordeal had already begun to fade.

Presently a man in an ancient Ford drove up. He was bound for San Diego and agreed to give me a lift there. So we rolled away. He to market and I to new adventures.

STOMACH PAINS

ARE DANGER SIGNALS

When your digestive organs are out of order, the simplest food often causes distress. Heartburn, acidity, flatulence torment you; worse still, your food doesn't nourish you and so you become an easy prey to illness. It stands to reason you cannot be strong and healthy unless your digestive organs—stomach, liver and bowels—are working properly.

Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup combines in concentrated form the medicinal virtues of more than ten different herbs, roots and barks which experience has shown have the power of restoring tone, efficiency and regularity to the digestive organs as no single drug or combination of drugs can do. The action of Mother Seigels is gentle, not drastic; it builds up, little by little, day by day, Nature's way, the only true way. All chemists have it at 1/3 and 2/-.

Service

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x" (copyright)

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d v. Swindon.	9 Carlisle v. Hartlepools.
. v. Southampton.	8 York v. N. Brighton.
v. Leicester.	7 Tranmere v. Hull.
rt v. Oldham.	6 Brighton v. Millwall.
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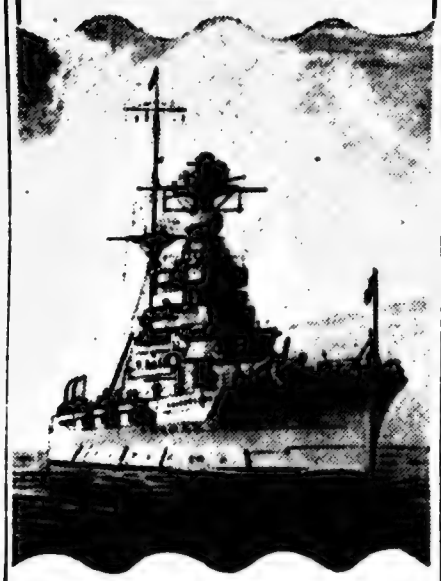

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Human Documents

Fight the Dragon of Despair!

Says Philip Inman

"I would like to feel that my words bring comfort and joy to my readers"—Mr. Inman reads a galley-proof of his article

WORDS from a Christmas carol have been ringing in my ears. They come from "God rest you merry, gentlemen," and they tell of bringing comfort and joy in the world.

I would like to feel that my words this week may bring comfort and joy to some of my readers whose hearts are torn by sorrow and tragedy. Listen to this pathetic letter:

During our married life of eighteen years, my husband and I have gone through unemployment, sickness and sorrow together. We have had four children—three boys and one girl—but three years ago one of the boys died from tuberculosis.

A year ago I noticed my husband was not looking well, but to all my enquiries he answered that he was quite all right. Then one day he collapsed in the street and was taken to hospital, where he had to remain for two months.

Since that time he seems to have gone steadily downhill, and now the doctor has told me he is suffering from an advanced stage of T.B. and has only a year or two to live. He also said that, in the interests of his family and myself, he must go away to a sanatorium.

But when I asked him what benefit this would be to my husband, he said that it might prolong his life for just a little while.

Now, Mr. Inman, through all our poverty and trials our faith in God and our love for one another have been the biggest things in our life. I feel that if he is not going to be here long, I will not allow him to be moved, but let him have the comforts and happiness of his own home. I am sure that if it had been me he would not have let me go away.

In my heart I feel that I am doing the right thing because, when my husband sees me, that tired look goes from his face and I feel well repaid.

My own people think we are both mad, and his family say I am standing in his path and not giving him the chance to get better. I should be so grateful for your advice.

Doctor knows best

My daily life in a hospital enables me to understand something of the anxiety and distress of this woman. With all my heart I sympathise with her. Now, I don't want to raise any false hopes, but I wonder if that doctor's verdict is final and irrevocable! In my experience, I have seen many remarkable recoveries.

If I had my way I would place these two mottoes in every sick room, "Don't lose heart" and "Don't give up hope." It may be that this man will derive considerable benefit from a stay at a sanatorium. In any case, he would receive skilled care and treatment.

And so, whilst I sympathise with my correspondent in her desire to keep him at home, I think she would do well to accept the doctor's advice. Let her agree to him going away for a period of six months and she can, of course, review the position at the end of that time.

She must remember that besides her own natural feelings there are other factors. She must consider her own health and the danger that by daily contact with the patient she may herself contract the disease. There is also the question of her children.

Would not the strain of constantly nursing and attending to her husband prevent her from doing her duty to them? And they themselves may be subjected to very great risks of infection for, as their parents have only been married eighteen years, they must still be growing up.

I am sure that, taking all things into consideration, sanatorium treatment is to be advocated. I hope my correspondent will agree and that the future may be brighter than at present seems possible.

We talk sometimes about the tragedy of unemployment. Here it is in a very acute form:

Nine years ago, when I was fifty-four years old (says this man), I was paid off owing to bad trade, but was given a first-class character. I tried for many jobs, but was turned down as being too old. Then for five years I did canvassing work in a desperate effort to keep off the dole.

Many days I tramped about from nine in the morning till six at night and more often than not I did not earn ten shillings a week. At last I had to give it up, and for the last two years I have not found anything to do at all.

Now we have a terrible struggle to make ends meet. My wife is one of the best, and though I have a son and daughter working, yet neither of them earns very much, and I cannot expect them to sacrifice more than they do for us already.

I feel I am a useless burden to my family and they would be far better off if I were not here. Would I not be justified in quietly leaving this world instead of living on through barren, humiliating days until I could get my pension?

I may say I have no fear whatever of death. I have worked hard all my life and the hereafter cannot hold harder or more bitter experiences than I have had to endure.

What a nation of hypocrites we are! We boast about our social services for the down-and-out. We pride ourselves upon the treatment we give to the unfortunate. We tell the world that we look after our unemployed. This man's testimony and thousands of others cry shame upon such extravagant claims.

One day the social conscience of the nation will be roused and human life will come into its own and not be treated as only fit for the scrap-heap.

Now I come to the present position of my correspondent. At the moment things seem hopeless. But that does not justify him in taking the way out that he suggests.

I am sure he is a reasonable man and that he wants to think of others besides himself. His wife, he says, has been one of the best, and his children are doing everything they can to be of help.

It would be cruel in the extreme to pass out of this world and leave his family to face the awful shock that such a tragedy would be to them.

I would urge this man to be brave and to resolve to see things through. In spite of appearances to the contrary, I am sure there is still something left that he will find to do.

Better to wait

My next correspondent—brave woman that she is—is finding life just now very difficult. Her letter says:

My husband has been ill for four years with an incurable disease and he needs a lot of nursing. We have one daughter, aged eighteen, who is our sole support, apart from a little help from the Public Assistance Committee.

This girl is keeping company with a very nice boy of twenty-two, and they seem well suited to one another.

Unfortunately, he lost his mother two years ago, and he and his father have managed to keep the home going between them, except for washing and baking, and it is indeed a credit to them.

A few months ago his father had a serious accident and he has been in hospital until a fortnight ago. Now he is home again, but he will need care nursing for a long time.

The young man wants our daughter marry him and make her home with the Do you think she is old enough to wife and housekeeper as well as nu to an elderly man?

Her young man works at night would therefore have to sleep during day. Although we should miss her, I will be brave and stand by your adv whatever it is.

Disastrous

I am told that this girl and her you man are well suited to one another. imagine, too, that a genuine affect exists between them. And yet I cann advise that the marriage should ta place—as things are.

The girl is only eighteen years o It is young enough to commence hous keeping under normal conditions. It expecting too much to add to them t anxiety of looking after an invalid.

To carry such a burden may lead her own health suffering. And th would be disastrous for all concern and only add to the present worries my correspondent. I am sorry for t young man, but I really feel he shou wait until he can provide his girl wi a cheerful and carefree home.

Let us hope that his father will soo recover completely. In that event h could take up his work once again an engage someone to look after him. The the young couple could start housekee ing on their own account.

Send your private problem to "Humanist at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

YOU MUST CURE ACIDITY TO CURE COLDS OR 'FL

Did you know colds and influenza feed on Acidity, and you can't get rid of a cold until you get rid of that Acidity? That's why they're so hard to throw off and why some medicines never seem to cure them.

Next time you've a cold or feel one coming on try 'Alka-Seltzer.' Drop a couple of 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablets in a glass of water and they make a pleasant sparkling drink, that has a double action. First, it brings down your temperature, clears your head and soothes the sore membranes and nerves. Second, it counteracts the excess acidity which has prevented Nature driving off the germs.

You'll be astonished how quickly this pleasant 'fizzing 'Alka-Seltzer' helps you to get rid of the most stubborn cold. There's nothing like 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets. They're not to be confused with salts because they are not a laxative. They're something quite new, but they are proved and tested. Last year over 23,000,000 people found in 'Alka-Seltzer' the relief they had sought for years.

OUR GUARANTEE: Get a bottle of 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets from your chemist to-day. The 2/- size contains 2½ times the quantity of the 1/-. If you aren't more than satisfied he will refund your money.

el that my words bring
y readers"—Mr. Inman
proof of his article

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MUST
ACIDITY TO
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w colds and influenza feed on
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why some medicines never seem to
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ther they had sought for years.
ANTEE: Get a bottle of 'Alka-Seltzer
from your chemist to-day. (The
28 times the quantity of the 1/-
ore than satisfied he will refund

'De Reszkes!

—and to think how she might have wasted her money!'

What a relief to find something *sensible* among all the useless rubbish one gets at Christmas. You'll find it difficult to think of a better two-shilling gift than sixty De Reszke Minors—ten minutes enjoyment in each. Tins are packed in gaily decorated greetings carton ready for the post.

In decorated tins ready for the post

60 *for* **2/-**

De Reszke MINORS

'YOU CAN'T GO WRONG IF YOU GIVE CIGARETTES'

J. Millhoff & Co. Ltd., No. 1 Piccadilly, W. 1

Issued by Godfrey Phil

HERE IS 'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT NEW PENSION -plus- CASH X-WORD OFFER WITH FIRST NEW YEAR HAMPERS!

Win 20/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £300

SPLENDID 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £500

CONTENTS
Fowl, Sausages, Cake, Fruit, Cigarettes, Chocolates, etc.
ONE TO EACH WINNER OF £1 AND OVER.

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up we shall forward a Special Surprise Award—to be posted simultaneously with the publication of Winning Square in "John Bull"

STUDY THESE CLUES.

ACROSS

1. How luxury hotel is sure to be this during holiday season
5. Child may be really hurt when grown-up steps on this
9. Lawyer practises this
9. Is sometimes taken after accident
10. Restless spaces around basement of building
11. Hurried in Rangoon
13. Frequently difficult to shock when running wild
14. Land surrounded by water
15. This of house is rarely easy to dig up
21. Often spoilt by bad carving
22. Often whistles around the house
25. Bit of warmth in uniform
27. Loud noise
28. These are worn on the feet
31. Freeze water
32. Atmosphere is sometimes warmed up by one
33. This of big industrial town is anything but fresh and green
34. People often break plates in

DOWN

1. Hard blowing is necessary to get a fierce one
2. Used to propel a boat
3. Be in debt
4. Note which stars play is often this
6. Poetical form of "over"
7. Red one is usually conspicuous
12. High card
14. Illuminated
15. One on front is sometimes centre of attraction
17. Weight of this is often surprising
19. Humorous one is sometimes seen on stage
20. Poor people are happy to find landlord's this
22. Yellowish colour in Cumberwell
24. Should be able to stand plenty of knocking about
26. Trap is frequently set for cunning one
28. Customer sometimes gives barber
29. Begin cherry here

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 89. Closing SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1938.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

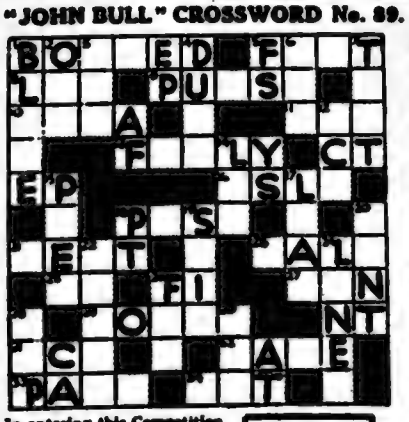
SIGNED .....

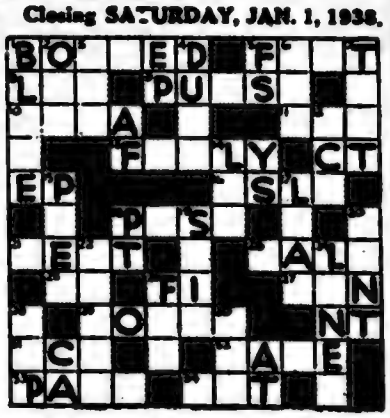
ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 89. Closing SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1938.





In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 89, "JOHN BULL," 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

18 BIG CHEQUES AND XMAS HAMPERS WON IN CROSSWORD No. 8

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 87, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious Sets of Answers on one Square were the following eighteen competitors who submitted Squares differing at one point only from the most meritorious Sets of Answers seen in Square below :—

W. Bennett, c/o Streatham Court, near Hunstanton; J. A. Blundell, 2, Stanhope Grove, Bestonham, Kent; E. Bu... 12, Henderson Ave., Scunthorpe, Lincs; E. W. Church, 21, Gambling Court, Norway, S.E.; Mrs. F. Forry, Barkly ... Trinity Rd., Wapwash; S. J. Field, 116, Granville Rd., Tarnston Heath; Mrs. M. Galley, Samuel Bank House, Leigh, Lanes; Miss A. Greenwood, 61, Hammond St., Minster, Yorks; F. J. Kelly, 62, Grimshill St., Liverpool, 8; S. Lambert, 78, Percy ... Guilford, S.E.5; J. Mathews, 9, Hanover St., Hull; G. Ernest, 114, Whitburn St., Glasgow, E.2; G. Randall, 2, Bram... Ave., Glanton-on-Sea; R. Sandler, 12, Shandfield St., Manchester, 8; Miss A. Stebbins, 137, Bradford Rd., Farnworth, Lanes; Mrs. Smith, 34, Windermere Ave., Finchley, N.; E. R. Smith, 9, Quinton Rd., Grimsby; Miss M. Stone, 67, Walton ... Barnsley.

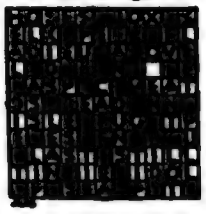
Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £800, and a cheque for £44 8s. 11d. will be sent to each, together with one of the 10-in-1 Xmas Hampers.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, December 21, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 169 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive 11s. 11d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 882 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

WINNING SQUARE

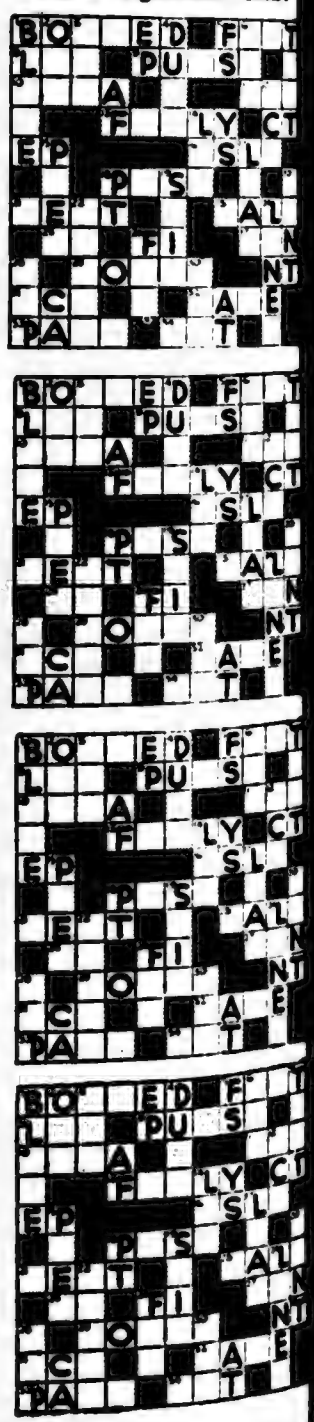


The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square on left.

One space in left Mask to indicate that at this point OMEN and OVEN were regarded as apt words of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette." Secure your free weekly copy by using reservation coupon below.

COPY SQUARES ONLY



READ THESE RULES.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, January 1, 1938.

2.—In addition to two stamp Forms from this "John Bull," each entrant may submit SIX EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 8 Entry Forms, (16 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 4s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding property indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as Entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or misbid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 13. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, January 18, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the First Prize be shared, £500 Cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS ON PAGE 42

FREE ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR ENTRY TO SECURE FREE WEEKLY AID OF "CROSSWORD GAZETTE."

Affix 1½d. Stamp here

Affix 1½d. Stamp here

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "John Bull's" "Crossword Gazette," containing Crossword Adjudication Committee's findings and other practical aid with "John Bull's" puzzles.

I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage on my free copies.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

N.B. No issue of *Crossword Gazette* will be posted during week ending Dec. 25.

Elasto
Tablets
ELASTO RESTORES THE NATURAL POWER OF HEALING TO THE BLOOD.
The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO LTD
CECIL HOUSE HOLBORN VIADUCT
LONDON. E.C.1.

The Wonder Tablet

Take it!

—And Stop Limping

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the wonderful new biological remedy.*

Not a Drug, but a Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, together with a generous free sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation: *the real basis of sound health!* Prepared in small, delicate tablets by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue and is absorbed *directly* into the blood-stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort, and creates within the system a new health force, stimulating the growth of new, healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Read What Users of Elasto Say:

"*Elasto put new life into me.*"
"*As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever.*"
"*Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years.*"
"*Now walk long distances with ease.*"
"*Cured my rheumatism and neuritis.*"
"*No sign of Varicose Veins now.*"
"*My heart is quite sound again now.*"
"*Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging.*"
"*Completely cured my varicose ulcers.*"
"*Elasto tones up the system and cures depression.*"
"*My skin is as soft as velvet.*"
"*Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better.*"
"*Lumbago cured after three years of suffering. Age 66.*"
"*Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg are quite gone and my general health is much improved.*"

Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free!

We have set aside a number of free samples of Elasto for readers of "John Bull." To secure one of these all you have to do is to fill in the Coupon below and post it without delay to: ELASTO (Dept. 15.F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Early application is advised so post your Coupon NOW—while you think of it! This offer is too good to be missed.

COUPON *for Free Trial Sample of Elasto* ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15.F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(Please print in capital letters).
ADDRESS .....

"J.B." 18/12/37 .....

Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

TWICE SAVED FROM NERVOUS WRECK!

1914 Terrifying War Incident SHATTERED NERVES

1937 Nasty Motor Smash RUINED HEALTH

Dr. Cassells Tablets Achieve Great DOUBLE TRIUMPH!

From Our Special Health Investigator,

Royston Greene

London, S.W., Wednesday.

ONE of our Great War Heroes, Ex-Chief Petty Officer Tilly, revealed to me today a health story which must surely rank as one of the most dramatic ever told! A short while ago he had a serious motor cycle accident and it was whilst investigating his miraculously rapid recovery that I laid bare his secret.

"Why Mr. Tilly," I exclaimed in surprise as we shook hands, "What a picture of health you are! I expected to see a physical wreck!"

He laughed—"I resorted to my old friends Dr. Cassells Tablets" he explained.

"Your *old* friends?" I enquired. "Then you have had experience of their remarkable health building properties before?"

"Oh yes," he answered. "During the war I was on H.M.S. Audacious when she was sunk off Tory Island. After hitting a mine, she was being towed, in a sinking condition into port with a skeleton crew on board, when she turned turtle and, with a tremendous roar, blew up as she foundered! I was one of those on board. It was a terrifying experience and shattered my nerves entirely. I was in a terrible state . . . shaky . . . trembling . . . afraid of my own shadow."

"What then?" I prompted.

Ex-Chief Petty Officer Tilly proudly displaying his medals.

"A messmate advised me to take Dr. Cassells Tablets" he went on, "and I did. They conquered my Nerves. So greatly did they restore my health that I rose to the rank of Chief Petty Officer.

"When I had my motor cycle accident a little while ago I once more invoked the aid of Dr. Cassells Tablets!"

"Were you badly injured?" I asked.

"Bad enough" he returned. "I broke my arm, dislocated my knee and was bruised from head to foot. But these injuries soon cleared up. It was the after effects which were so bad!

"My nerves went all to pieces again. I couldn't sleep . . . my food disagreed with me and I became a proper wreck. Then I began to get awful neuritis in the arm which had been broken and terrible pains in my knee. But Dr. Cassells Tablets soon stopped all my trouble. Within a week of taking them my pains had ceased, my sleep was sound and undisturbed.

"I unhesitatingly advise all suffering men and women to take Dr. Cassells Tablets without delay. There is nothing else like them in the whole world!"

THOUSANDS BENEFIT

Every day thousands of people are benefiting from the marvellous formula known to fame as Dr. Cassells Tablets. No suffering man or woman should deny themselves the glorious health which Dr. Cassells Tablets can so surely bring! If YOU are a victim of—

HEADACHES HYSTERIA
INDIGESTION NEURITIS
NEURALGIA SCIATICA
INSOMNIA "NERVES"
LUMBAGO DEPRESSION

Get YOUR supply of Dr. Cassells Tablets TODAY!
Sold Everywhere 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

FREE! Amazing Gift! Of priceless value! Veno's Health Chart—Health Hints and exercises. Send a postcard INSTANTLY to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, 16.

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your system daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays inside you. Gas blouts up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned, and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1,3d. and 3/-.

RADIO FOR XMAS!

Have You Seen the Latest BUSH SUPERHET!

BEFORE buying your radio turn to p. 12 and fill in the Coupon for full particulars of Bush Radio Receivers. They can be obtained on popular payment terms of only a few shillings a week. Send the Coupon Now, while you think of it!

CROSSWORD No. 89.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

On page 40 is presented the eighty-ninth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles: you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Laurence Abercrombie, LitD., D.Lit., M.A., and Doctor C. K. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied on those points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, January 13, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on page 40. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

RHEUMATISM

A REMEDY THAT WORKS!

"I am pleased to tell you I am quite cured of Rheumatism; I have tried several remedies, but until I tried Urace Tablets I found no benefit."—E. T., Hove. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

CYSTITIS

Inflammation of the Bladder

JUST as one can have catarrh of the nose so can one have catarrh of the bladder. But, owing to its catarrhal condition, there is in the case of the latter organ a great desire to pass water, and sometimes an inability to do so and also pain.

This chronic catarrhal condition does not, as a rule, compel you to seek your bed; but there is always the possibility it may do so if you catch a fresh chill or complications arise OR IF YOU ALLOW THE URINE TO REMAIN IN AN UNHEALTHY AND OFFENSIVE CONDITION.

A short course of Cystopurin (sis-toe-pew-rin) Tablets for a fortnight or so will remove the distressing symptoms and may ward off more serious mischief.

"I have used Cystopurin on a case of chronic cystitis (inflammation of the bladder). I thought I would try your tablets before investigating the patient by cystoscopy. In all, the patient has had 40 tablets, taken over a period of 20 days, and I am glad to say has lost all her symptoms."—M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

Get Cystopurin Tablets from your chemist to-day. They are put up in bottles, price 1/3, 2/- and 5/-, and are obtainable only from chemists.

Free booklet on application to Cystopurin Dept. J.B. 23

GENATOSAN Ltd., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

CYSTOPURIN

HOME PROVERBS

Home is a very familiar theme in English proverbs. It could scarcely be otherwise when one remembers that part of the genius in the Anglo-Saxon character is the capacity to make a home. This gift of home-making explains why we are so good at colonization. And, speaking of Empire, one of the tenderest words on the lips and in the thoughts of English men and English women overseas is the word "Homeland," the motherland, the dear old mother country.

Here are a few English proverbs. They are the authentic speech of the people: they are salt and savour.

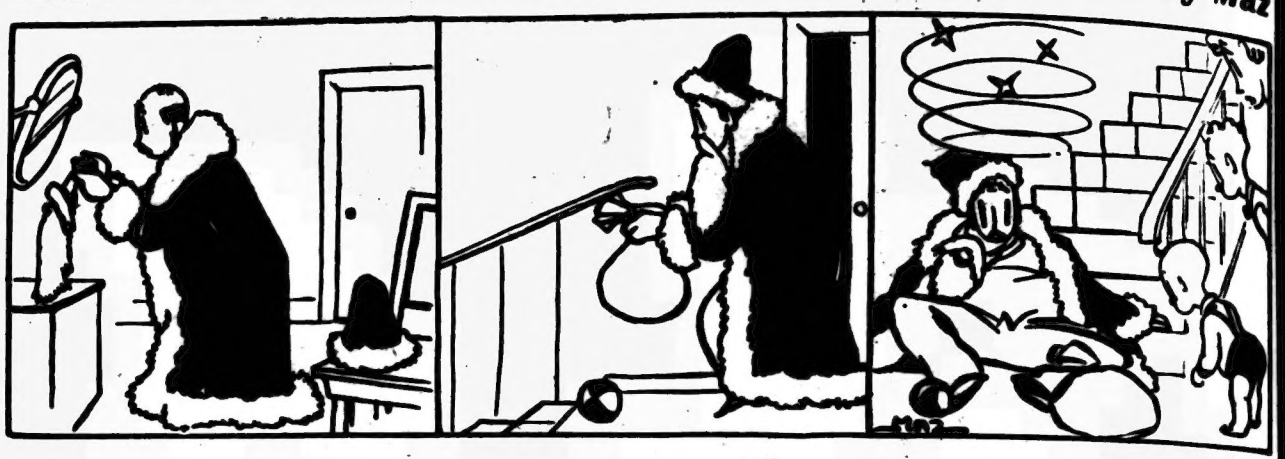
Home is home, though it be never so homely. (Quotation from the 17th century.)
The evening brings us all home.
There is no place like home.
When my ship comes home.
Home-keeping hearts are happiest.
East and West, home is best.
None love their country but who love their home.
The house shows the owner. (Also from the 17th century.)

By good fortune it has come to pass in England during the last twenty years or so, and particularly during the last few years, that home-lovers (as we all by nature are and by tradition) can now furnish our homes daintily and elegantly and even in princely fashion, on terms which fall within the compass of ordinary incomes. Jay's Furnishing Stores are an example of the facilities offered and the beauty of the furniture suitable to the average home.

Grey skies when winter comes, East winds, November fogs, snow and frost and unkindly weather: blame these all for the reason that they drive us inwards to our homes, which are our temples and our shrines! And it is pleasant to feel that in our little castles and citadels we can possess the best of furniture. The "home beautiful" is now within the power of all of us.

Dad's . . . Snappy Christmas

by Maz



STAN. (Topham).—"I refuse to wear the canary-coloured pullover she has knitted me.' Yellow, eh? So you can't take it!

D. S. (Warwick).—"When I entered the tailor's shop I was practically compelled to buy a suit." Made to order!

G. V. S. (Gravesend).—"I tried my hand at taxi-driving but without any success." A rank failure.

A. C. C. (Esher).—"He's got some cunning scheme afoot to obtain some gardening ground." A plot, eh?

P. P. (Peterhead).—"Too much time is occupied in cinemas with extracts from the following week's films." There's a long, long trailer unwinding.

INSURANCE OFFICIAL (Goldsborough).—"I have noticed that people who make money out of one fire often have another." One good burn deserves another!

D. S. (Gorleston).—"The latest silk stockings have reptiles embroidered on them and do not seem to wear very well." Snakes and ladders!

Miss O. M. (Birmingham).—"Several of the local maids are now walking out with policemen." The law courts!

H. W. (Oswestry).—"We made quite a lot of money out of a roundabout and a few side-shows." Funds of the fair.

D. L. (Bournemouth).—"Very few young girls know the true significance of mistletoe." It's right over their heads!

GEORGE (Goonhavern).—"He told me that his pullets were laying at five months old, but when I saw the nest I knew better." Nothing in it, eh?

RECRUIT (Colchester).—"Despite our fears, we all approved of the new officer the moment he came on parade." He put you at ease at once?

TEACHER (Newcastle).—"I told him at once that the cause of his poor handwriting was the thickness of the nib of his pen." You wasted no time in coming to the point.

SAM (Maidstone).—"She consented to come to the ball with me, but I did not see her for the rest of the evening, although I searched high and low." She led you a dance.

H. J. (Woking).—"We are still arguing over the ownership of the China vase, and I'm determined not to rest until I've proved my claim." We certainly advise you not to let it drop.

IRIS (Brixton).—"I really do not know whether to marry the man I prefer, who is poor, or the rich man who has also proposed to me." You can't decide for love or money.

A. B. (Braintree). "I'm afraid our playing fields are gradually being taken from us." Quite.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the prize.

THE SOMERSET COUNTY GAZETTE:—"During the service the CHOIR preached."

PENARTH TIMES:—"Add a few LUMPS of lemon juice to the water . . ."

BRENCHLEY AND MATFIELD PARISH MAGAZINE:—"The Club, which was formed last autumn with no ground and only 12 playing members, is now coming to MATERNITY."

IRELAND'S SATURDAY NIGHT:—"Waiters appeared from all angles, and pouncing upon me proffered new, clean FOLKS."

NORTHERN ECHO:—". . . has a row of six tomato plants growing in the open air and bearing 291 good-sized POTATOES."

THE CAPE ARGUS:—". . . a melodious voice and miracle feet that danced as no other FACE had danced."

SOUTH WALES VOICE:—"... infant clinic will be held ... Wednesday of this WEEK."

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

"He became attached to it during the days he was down and out."
(From the "Passing Show.")

D. M. (Burton).—"Wine merchants are looking forward to a record Christmas." Crate expectations!

E. G. (Walsall).—"My wife said that she was sick of the sight of me, so I went out to play billiards." You took your cue.

TOM (Deptford).—"I for one wouldn't fly into a rage if these cold snaps lasted all the year round." We would keep our wool on, too.

H. S. (Guildford).—"On our voyage home, he hadn't the slightest idea of the speed of the vessel." He was tied up in knots.

E. T. (Oldham).—"I've taken my son away from school because he slacked, and I intend to make him take a correspondence course." That'll teach him!

D. L. (Twickenham).—"After so much dubious entertainment, I am pleased to see the great success of ice-skating shows." You mean they're a change from skating on thin ice.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

ENGLISHMAN (Leeds).—"What do we want with bigger families anyhow?" Bigger homes.

H. Y. (Cheam).—"My son, who is a curate, always rehearses his Sunday sermons." He practises what he preaches!

D. W. (Oxford).—"Can you suggest who first coined the expression, 'We're all in the same boat?'" Noah.

MAGNATE (Chicago).—"Can you imagine British Customs officials ordering me to open my trunks? I'd show them!" That's exactly what they want you to do.

ARTIST (Glasgow).—"Whilst waiting to do my second turn on the halls, I remain on the stage studying literature." You read between the limes?

UNCLE (Newark).—"My young nephew annoyed me by insisting that I played leap-frog with him." He got your back up?

MRS. B. (Portsmouth).—"I have kept a written account of our Christmas festivities for the past twenty years." The Yule log.

D. L. (Gore).—"Can a woman be trusted to keep anything dark?" Not if all her friends are going blond!

TONY (Soho).—"As I am in English land only two months, very nice English tongue I write, yes?" No.

F. M. (Dover).—"I sent the negatives away last month, but haven't heard anything since." You await developments.

C. S. (Liverpool).—"The reason our train service is so bad is because the systems employed are so antiquated." Behind the times, eh?

E. T. (Holme).—"I think that married couples are coming into their own in social and business life." It is the turn of the tied!

F. G. H. (Ashford).—"You can imagine what a shock I had when she put that ugly ornament on the sideboard." A nasty jar?

F. C. (Lee).—"Do you know what the average wife spends on stockings in a year?" Yes—but page 43 shows you how to get JOHN BULL to foot the bill for five years.

FILM-GOER (Dulwich).—"If I had my way, I would put a stop to cinema organs." Whatever for? They have the proper number already.

J. S. (Charlton).—"We're going to give a series of lectures on our new plan, for we really think it's worth while to bring it to the public notice." There's a lot to be said for it?

B. C. T. (Walsall).—"My son confuses me when he makes me try to perform some of the astonishing rope-tricks he can do." He gets you tied up, eh?

A. A. (Streatham).—"I've been troubled on several occasions with burglars, but next time I'm visited there'll be trouble as I've taken lessons in fencing." You mean to foil them, eh?

MANAGER (Doncaster).—"As I have hurt my ankle and need the assistance of a stick, my clerks perform most of the duties that I ordinarily do." You have to rely on your staff.

FOREMAN (Fairlop).—"I warned them I'd had enough of their slackness, and had noticed several loose nuts and screws myself." You're going to tighten things up?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Watch for it!

For months JOHN BULL has been planning something for all its readers that surpasses anything ever before attempted by any weekly journal. On no account should you miss this great event. Watch JOHN BULL for further details.

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JOHN BULL OFFERS

20 GREAT NEW YEAR GIFT PENSIONS

Win a Prosperous New Year with 2, 3 or 4 words

£300 1st PRIZE and GIFT PENSION

CIGARETTES
NEWSPAPERS
CHOCOLATES
OR STOCKINGS
FREE

GIFT PENSIONS ALSO WITH EACH OF THE FINE CHEQUES

£50 £25 £20 £15 £10 £9.10 £9 £8.10 £8 £7.10 £5.10 £5 £4.10 £4 £3.10 £3

Winning a "Gift Pension" in this contest entitles you to a regular supply of Cigarettes, Newspapers, Chocolates or Stockings

FOR 5 YEARS!

50 of 10/- | 250 of 2/6 | 300 SPECIAL NEW YEAR PRIZES | Complete collections of "Bullets" Bulletin and "Crossword Gazette" for 1937, supplied in handsome binding cover. | 8,000 OTHER AWARDS

HE WON A MERRY CHRISTMAS—NOW FOR YOUR BIG "BULLETS" PRIZE!

His hobby, "Bullets"...

WORDS have been important little things in the life of Mr. W. H. Horseman, 26, Siward Road, Bromley. His work as a printer's reader is concerned with watching them closely. And now, for making *Bullets* his hobby, words have provided his family with the merriest Christmas of their lives.

In our 1,097th Competition Mr. Horseman earned £300 and a Family Hamper with the neat and telling *Bullet*, BIGGER MAN—SOW TO—EE, TOO!

"New rig-outs for my wife and myself and some redecoration in the house will be the first calls on my prize-money," he told a *John Bull* man. "And with two growing lads at home, there's no need for me to tell you how welcome that Hamper will be!"

Another £300 cheque is waiting to be won in the splendid *Bullets* Offer launched to-day and with it will go a novel Gift Pension, consisting of a free supply of Cigarettes, Newspapers, Chocolates or Stockings for the next five years. One of these unique Gift Pensions will also accompany each of this Contest's big supporting cheques and there is no reason why one of these 20 splendid new 2-in-1 prizes should not be yours.

HOW TO WIN A CHEQUE AND GIFT PENSION

MAKE a start by reading through the *Examples* and jotting down all the rough ideas any suggest to your mind.

Since a completed *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the selected *Example*, your next step must be to compress and improve your rough notes.

Suppose, for instance, that against the *Example* CHILDREN NEED, you had scribbled down, *Fresh Air As Well As Good Food*. From this you could easily produce the finished *Bullet*, CHILDREN NEED—"APPLES" IN CHEEKS, TOO.

Before commencing to make your own *Bullets*, study closely the good points of the following efforts, each of which brought its sender a fine First Prize:—

IT'S SNOWING BILLS, BUT—THERE'S LETTER FROM SONNY!
SHOCK FOR THE JERRYBUILDER—BREEZE WALL—BREEZE—WALLOP!
COLD FEET—MINE, NOW OLD FEET!

Now start on the *Examples*, remembering that your entry for this varied prize-list must be posted on or before Saturday, January 1.

FREE HELP WITH YOUR "BULLETS"

TO OBTAIN SIX FREE ISSUES OF "BULLETS BULLETIN" YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" ENTRY.

Please register me for six weeks' supply of *Bullets Bulletin*, "John Bull's" free weekly aid for would-be winners. I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Affix 1½ stamp here | Affix 1½ stamp here

N.B.—No issue of "Bullets Bulletin" will be posted during week ending December 25.

Add 2, 3, or 4 words to any "Example"

(Competition No. 1,101)

BRITAIN'S WEALTHY, BUT
CHILDREN NEED
TO PLEASE HITLER
EATING AND DRINKING
IN THE INTERNATIONAL GAME
IDEAL HUBBY
EYE-WASH
EVERYTHING SEEMED ROSY WHEN
HOMEWARD BOUND
OUT OF DEBT
FOR A RAINY DAY
DROPPING OFF
BRIGHT AND BREEZY
IN THE UNEMPLOYED'S HOME

DEADLY GERM	OLD SOLDIER
EASILY MADE	INTERRUPTED
MARTYRS	CALLED IN
STILL OPEN	RIGHT NOW
BEYOND ME	IN THE PIT

SHE BOUGHT A HAT AND
DIDN'T GIVE A HOOT
HENPECK'S BLUNDER
TURNED HER HEAD
WHEN AUNTIE STARTED
OUR MILEMAN
SHE'D BE PERFECT IF
IN THE MARKET
TAKES THE BISCUIT
WHEN THE REVELLERS RETURNED
TO END POVERTY
IT'S ICE, SO
THROUGH FIRE AND WATER

SIXTY-FIVE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,101) Closing postmark SAT., Jan. 1. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,101) Closing postmark SAT., Jan. 1. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST POST SAT., JAN. 1.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,101) Closing postmark SAT., Jan. 1. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,101) Closing postmark SAT., Jan. 1. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

Should you want to enter further "Bullets," you can write them on plain paper.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,101 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,097 will be displayed at the forecourt of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, Bromley South Station, Kent.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,101, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

I'm Jolly Well taking DAILY BOVRIL

291 B102

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